L. P. Fisher

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BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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WHEN YOU GO TO WOODLAND get your meals at the French Restaurant, where you will find the best table in Yolo county. OYSTERS served in every style.

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DRESSMAKING!

MRS. JOHN WEBBER,

The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,

GIVE HER A CALL.

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Money Loaned on Rdal Estate, Personal or Collateral Security.

EXCHANGES DRAWN ON EASTERN OR EUROPEAN CITIES.

Collections Receive Prompt Attention.

County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable Securities, bought and sold.

T. M. PRIOR,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER

Importer from the East.

Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.

Two doors west of Express Office,

Main Street, Woodland.

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Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

GEO. W. GREENE,

Dealer in—

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

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COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

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GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,..... 3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll cempromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior do anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

TAKEN UP BY H. P. MARTIN, AT HIS PLACE near Woodland, one bay mare and two yearling colts. No mark or brands, but one colt has 3 white feet and star in forehead. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges. sep20-2t

SIMMONDS'

NABOB WHISKEY!

THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICAL AND FAMILY PURPOSES.

Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given universal satisfaction.

It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.

It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the follswing certificates of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.

I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.

☞ Sold by all Druggist and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to

BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.

CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.

G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St., Boston, September 9, 1873.

GEORGE SIMMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whisky," received from you, has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.

The whisky is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medical purposes.

Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer for Massachusetts.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 30, 1879.

G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob Whisky for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest article I have used either medicinally or for family purposes. To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whisky for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly, H. C. LOUDETBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ills to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to conteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quack compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.

Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whisky is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr, S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounderback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, avering that Nabob Whisky is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whisky is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterous substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whisky as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of itc excellence need be given.

WHITTEMRE & HIGGINSON,

Sold Agents for Yolo County,

Main Street, - - - - Woodland.

Great Bargains

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-!

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.

my10-3m

The First Northeast Passage.

Almost a year ago, or, to be exact, September 28, 1878, the *Vega*, a steamer belonging to the Nordenskjold exploring expedition, was frozen fast in the ice about twenty miles from the northest extremity of Asia, where she remained in confinement for 264 days. Had the vessel been able to push forward twenty miles further, she would have rounded East Cape into Behring's Strait, and, hastening through the gate which separates Asia from North America, would have achieved a speedy journey to Japan. Hedged in by the ice she was bound by frigid fetters until the 18th of July, when her liberty regained, she proceeded to complete the brilliant achievement which is filling the world with her fame, arriving at Yokohama Tuesday of last week.

Professor Nordenskjold sailed from Gothenburg, Sweden, July 4th, 1878 and as he proceeded along the Northern Coast of Asia through the Arctic Ocean, he encountered scarcely a partical of ice, even when he reached the dangerous Sea of Kara, south of the Island of Nova Zembla, August 6th. There was but little ice as the *Vega* passed by the mouth of the Lena river, and not until approaching the region of the new Siberia Islands, the last of August, were there serious obstacles to rapid sailing. But from that time until progress was completely stopped, new difficulties were discovered daily. When compelled to abandon the purpose of pushing forward before the advent of Winter, Professor Nordenskjold and party discovered that they were only a mile from land, and that they were near a Tchuktchi settlement, a village whose 4000 inhabitants treated them with much kindness. The health of the explorers was excellent, and, although an average temperature of 32.2 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, is not favorable for out door sport, the party enjoyed fine shooting upon the approach of Spring.

The fame of having made the first northeast passage from Europe to Asia, is of course, the chief reward to Prof. Nordenskjold and his brave comrades, for the hardships and the perils they have endured. Although the explorers declare the belief that the passage can be made with ease and rapidity at the proper season of the year, the route is not likely to be chosen for merchantmen or passenger steamships. But, while the commercial advantages of the Northeast Passage may not be of great consequence, the scientific results of its discovery cannot fail to be of much value. In achieving his splendid triumph, Nordenskjold has done more than to secure a place for his name in the annals of brave explorers, he has earned renown as an important contributor to scientific discovery.

A COURT SCENE.—"William, look. Tell us, William, who made you. Do you know?" William, who was considered a fool, screwing up his face and looking thoughful, and somewhat bewildered, slowly answered, "Moses, I s'pose." "That will do," said Counselor Gray, addressing the court, "the witness says he supposes Moses made him. That certainly is an intelligent answer—more than I thought him capable of giving—for it shows that he has some faint idea of the scripture, but I submit it is not sufficent to entitle him to be sworn in as a witness capable of giving evidence." "Mr. Judge," said the fool "may I ask the lawyer a question? "Certainly," said the judge. "Wall then, Mr. Lawyer, who do you suppose made you?" "Aaron, Is'pose" said Counselor Gray, imitating the witness. After the mirth had somewhat subsided the witness drawled out, "Wall, neow we do read in the good book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd tho't the critter had got in here?', The Judge ordered the man to be sworn.

The telegram handed into a German office lately—"Can't possibly send 500 daggers in one day; not till to-morrow"—plunged the police into excitement until they found that daggers are a kind of needle.

Ben. Butler is understood to be in negotiation with Geo. C. Gorham to take the stump against him. Ben. is procuring every point that he thinks will tend to his success.—Sacramento Bee.

A Mountain of Ice.

The ice mountain of Preston county, West Virginia, is a great natural curiosity. We went to Rowesburg, then by team three miles up Cheat river, past Vicksburg, and come out upon the Northwestern pike. Following it two miles west we came to the ice mountain, situated on the right flank of Flag Run, one-half mile from the pike. A picnic party was being held at the base of the mountain. After refreshing ourselves with a very cold drink of water from the Twin Springs, we ascended the side of the mountain for some distance and arrived at the ice field. It is claimed that the ice mountain was discovered by soldiers in the Spring of 1861. Its discovery was afterwards reported, but persons supposed the discoverers was only trying to hoax some one into making a fruitless trip up the mountain. No credence was given to the story until lately, when responsible parties visited the locality. On the north side of the mountain about a quarter of an acre is covered with a mass of loose, unstratified rock, none of which are of any considerable size. All was covered with a heavy mass of moss, which now is torn off. No trees grow upon it, only here and there a few small bushes. Removing the loose rock, ice is discovered in small quantities. A thermometer stood 90 degrees in the shade, and 48 degrees when placed in the rocks on the ice in their crevices. A cold air is present in the crevices, but no strong freezing current, as reported. Hundreds have visited it. The rocks are torn up and the ice is only obtained now by going down some little depth in the rocks. We suppose, from observation, that the mountain is mostly a vast heap of rocks, a portion of whose west side is more broken and loose than the rest. The porous nature of the portion would admit through its moss covering a considerable amount of water, which unfiltrating between the stone, would form ice in just the manner we find it. The ice thus formed would be protected from all external temperature by the non-conducting properties of the vast surrounding mass of rock. The ice mountain, we would suppose, is nothing but a huge natural stone refrigerator, and depends for its preservation of the ice upon the good non-conductive materials of its sides. So the ice mountain naturally, though wonderfully, preserves permanently its ice by the vast mass of rock—good non-conducting material—which forms its sides. An ice mountain, similar in many respects to this one is in Hampshire county, on North river a few miles east of Romney. Divesting the Preston county ice mountain of its marvelous character that exaggerated accounts have given it, it stands a wonderful but plainly possible result of natural laws.

An amusing incident in the career of A. L. Holley is related by a New York paper. While working as an engineer on one of the railways he made a wager with some of his fellows that he could run a locomotive a mile without fire, water or steam—the locomotive to be taken empty and cold from the shop, and towed by another engine to a point at some considerable distance on the road, where a level stretch of track favored the experiment. Young Holley rode in solitary state on his cold locomotive to the scene of trial, and unsuspected by his escort, so arranged matters that during the trip the motion of the drivers and pistons stored the boilers with compressed air. This gave him, by the time the destined point was reached, an accumulation of power by means of which he ran his mile and won his wager.

Make your own barometer. A sheet of paper dipped in chloride of cobalt, when the weather is to be dry and pleasant will become blue. When wet weather approaches it will become pink. The barometer flowers of France are thus manufactured.

The girl that wears a ring on her forefinger is not always engaged. She's obliged to do it to keep up with the times, and the young man should not get down in the mouth at any of these signs.

The next pedestrian contest will be between the United States army and the Utes.

A Pennsylvania What Is It.

Quite a large searching party has been organized in Eastern Berks for the purpose of scouring Muhlenberg and Ruscombmanor townships to hunt up and capture, if possible, one of the strangest looking beasts ever heard of within the borders of this country. What gives emphasis to the sincerity of the people engaged is the fact that responsible and reliable parties were first to report having seen the so called monster. A son of Prison Inspector Schmehl was the first to bring the intelligence to Topton Station. O. H. Hinnershitz, proprietor of the leading hotel there, and a number of others, went in pursuit of what Mr. Schmehl described. The monster had been reported on previous occasions, and when Mr. Schmehl saw it it was lying near a gate entrance to a field through which he was about driving a lot of cattle.

The "What-is-it" is represnted to be about four feet tall, long arms. with but two talon-like fingers on each paw; feet without toes, furrows on its head body smooth and naked, quite yellow, looking as if it had been wallowing in clay. Jared Rissmiller heard of the animal. It had run up towards Schmehl with extended paws, and then darted into a cornfield and was lost to view. The two men then went in search and discovered the animal on the other side of the field lying near the fence. It reared up on its hind-legs like a man. Rissmiller says it is yellowish-brown in color, has no hair small eyes and face, arms about fourteen inches long, legs somewhat longer, the hands and feet somewhat resembling those of a human being, and has two horns on the top of the head. The young men made a raid on the monster, when they say it darted towards the forest and soon lost in the foliage.

A Mr. Heckman, also residing near there, is reported to have seen the beast and he is inclined to believe that it is a large sized ape, that may have escaped from come traveling menagerie. Every cornfield is to be searched, together with the neighborings swamps, for the purpose of ascertaining what the men have really seen. After the recent rains the farmers plainly saw very strange looking tracks in the sand on the roadside. They have also heard very unusual howls at nighs, and the dogs of the neighborhood have been trying to hunt down the beast without success. At first a large number of persons were disposed to veiw the thing as a joke, but this feeling is gradually changing. No efforts will be spared to solve this matter and to discovered all that there is in it.—[Philadelphia Times.

FRENCH BREAD.—As a rule the French bread is always sweet and good, and two things contribute in a great degree to this—that is the manner or from of baking. They never make a thick loaf; no matter what the size or shape, it is always thin, and more than two-thirds crust. They bake their bread until it is perfectly cooked. The loaves being so thin, the heat strikes though very soon after they are placed in the oven; hence all fermentation is stopped, while, in the case of large loaves, fermentation goes on after the bread has been in the oven for some time, and of course much of the sweetness is lost. Then in baking so long, and having so much crust, there is a peculiar sweetness given which can be obtained in no other way.

"Pshaw," said Czardine, as he seated himself in the *Times* sanctum, "the snake stories that are going about are all too thin. Why, just look here. Last Spring I went out into the woods. I took along an umbreller, which I laid down onto some rocks. Well sir, about an hour afterward, I went to get my umbreller, as it had begun to rain a little. I took holt of the handle, and as I give it a shove, something begun to tear, and as the umbreller flew open a live black snake fell to the ground, split open from its head to its tail. The confounded critter had actually swollered my umbreller, and I never noticed it until I shoved up the dumb thing and split the animal open from stem to stern."

A New York bride recently bought forty pairs of boots and as many pairs of stockings to match the different costumes of her bridal trousseau.

Stranded.

O busy ships that shine in sailing in a glory
Like a dream
From the colors of the harbor to the colors of the sea,
In the singing words or in bewailing
Tell the story
As you gleam,
Tell the story, guess the language of my idle hours for me.

O busy waves! so blest in bruising
Your white faces
On the shore,
So happy to be wasted with the purpose of the sea,
Content to leave with it the choosing
Of your places
Evermore,
Whisper but the sea meaning of my stranded life for me.

Gray the sails grow in departing
Like fleet swallows
To the south,
Bent each on its own errand and fast dimming silently;
Stern the tide turns in its parting,
As it follows
With dumb mouth;
In the stillness and the sternness, God make answer unto me!

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

His First Wife.

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Primrose, "what a fool I was to marry a widower!"

And her bright eyes glistened from behind a cambric pocket handkerchief, like stars from under an April cloud.

Mrs. Primrose was very pretty, and she was very young; and the wedding ring, on the third finger of her left hand, had not yet lost the gloss of the jeweler's store; and yet Mrs. Primrose was already lamenting the choice she had made in life.

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Mixel, looking half curiously around the cosy farm-house kitchen, where Mrs. Primrose was crying into the preserving kettle, "what can the trouble be?"

"It's—it's his first wife!" sobbed Mrs. Primrose. "The hateful thing! I wish he had never married her!"

"My dear!" remonstrated Mrs. Mixel.

"Well, it's true," said the bride, patting her little foot restlessly on the stone hearth. "She's always bothering and interfering in my affairs!

Mrs. Mixel gave an alarmed glance over her left shoulder, as if she had seen a ghost.

"Georgy," said she, with a sniff at her smelling-bottle, "how you do startle one! the first Mrs. Primrose has been dead and buried these three years. And you talk as if she were still alive."

"So she is, as far as I am concerned!" flashed out Georgia Primrose. "Phineas is always bringing her out of the grave. For my part, I don't wonder that she died; she must have been a great deal too perfect to live. *She* never forgot to sew the buttons on his shirts; *she* never burned the toast, or scorched the oatmeal, or wasted the potato peelings, or—goodness gracious! here he comes now!"

And Georgia fell to stirring the plums with an energy that served as an escape-valve for her excited feelings, as Mr. Phineas Primrose walked in—a tall, portly gentleman, of middle age, with a pair of eye-glasses perched on a Roman nose, and a forehead all glistening with favorable phrenological bumps.

"Your most obedient, Mrs. Mixel!" said he, with a courteous obeisance—"your most obedient! Georgy, my love," with a glimmer of the spectacles in the direction of the preserving-kettle, "I think you are burning those plums."

"No, I am not!" said Georgia, never once looking up.

"My first wife—" began Mr. Primrose.

"There!" escaped spasmodically from Georgia's lips.

"Eh?" said Mr. Primrose.

"Nothing," said the bride, stirring as if her spoon were a flash of silver lightning.

"My first wife," resumed the re-mated widower, "as I was about to remark, always canned her fruit in glass jars. She never failed!"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Mixel, rather puzzled what remark to make.

"Ah!" groaned Mr. Primrose, "*there* was a woman! A temper like an angel, the judgment of a Solomon, the economy of a true housekeeper—Take care, my dear; you certainly *are* burning those plums!"

Mrs. Primrose dropped the spoon into the boiling mass, and burst into tears.

"I don't care for the plums," cried she. "I don't care for *anything!*"

Mr. Primrose looked after her, with eyes of mild reproach, as she ran out of the room.

Mrs. Mixel followed the bride into her room, in sore perplexity.

"My dear," said she, "you are very foolish."

"I can't help it," sobbed Georgia. "No one could! To have that horrid piece of perfection thrown in my face every hour of the twenty-four. It breaks my heart, it poisons all my peace! If she had only had the least *bit* of a fault."

"We are all fallible, my love," oracularly remarked Mrs. Mixel.

"But Mr. Primrose's first wife wasn't," said Georgia.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Mixel. "Do you happen to know what part of the country was her native place?"

"Snooksdale," faltered Georgia; "in the State of New Hampshire."

"And her name was—"

"Mehetabel Meeker. Oh, I know all the details by heart!" sighed the wife. "And now I must go and rip up Mr. Primrose's old coat into carpet-rags; his *first wife* never wasted so much as a clipping of thread," with a fearful grimace at the name of the obnoxious household idol who was so frequently and remorselessly set up for her to worship.

Mrs. Mixel went home and considered matters a little while; and then she took the train for Snooksdale, New Hampshire.

* * * * * *

"I've come to visit you, my dear," said aunt Eunice Meeker, a pock-marked old lady, with a dyed bombazine dress, silver spectacles, and a Snooksdale habit of taking snuff. "Mrs. Mixel said you are lonesome, and I've nothing on earth to do but visit my relations."

"But I don't know who you are," said Georgia, recoiling a little before the array of band-boxes, brown-paper parcels and hair-trunks, studded with glittering brass nails, behind which stood the little old woman.

"I'm your husband's first wife's aunt Eunice," said the visitor. "She died at my house."

Georgia's heart sank within her.

"Did she?" faltered she.

"Oh, yes," nodded aunt Eunice. "Have a pinch of Maccaboy. No? Your husband's first wife snuffed. That was what led to the separation."

"To the—"

"The separation. Didn't *you* know? She came to live with me for a year before she died. Phineas couldn't get along with her, no how. She drank, you know, and she snuffed, and she wasn't no great housekeeper at her best. Phineas was dreadful disappointed in her. Well, well! we're all mortal," fanning herself with an enormous fabrication of rusty wire and turkey-feathers, "and poor Phineas had a dreadful trial with our poor Mehetabel!"

The roses had come back to Georgia's cheeks, the magnetic brightness to her eyes. She took aunt Eunice by both her black-mittened hands.

"Dear aunt Eunice," said she—"I may call you so, mayn't I?—do come in! I am *so* glad to see you! Shall I make a cup of tea for you? or would you prefer coffee? And I'll broil a slice of ham for you directly, if you'll make yourself quite—*quite* at home!"

"Well, I declare!" said aunt Eunice, quite melted with the warmth of this reception; "I didn't expect no such welcome as this! Phineas used to be dreadful worried, because Mehetabel never warn't in no order to have company. She was a poor cook, Mehetabel was, and she didn't seem to have no faculty to learn. The waste as went on here, Phineas used to say—and he said truly enough—would a-kept a tavern in victuals and drink. I ain't goin' to extenuate her faults because she was my brother's child," added aunt Eunice, with a flourish of a red-and-yellow bandanna pocket-handkerchief; "for I always did allow that she was a dreadful trial to Phineas."

Georgia Primrose tripped around, as lightly as if her feet were shod with humming birds' wings, to light a fire in the best parlor, and get out her choicest silver and china, for the honor of her husband's first wife's relative; and, as she moved about, she burst spontaneously into fragments of songs.

Mr. Primrose came home to tea as usual, but as he crossed the threshold his glance fell on aunt Eunice, with her snuff-box and her spectacles, and his florid face grew pale.

"Yes, Phineas, it's me," said the old lady, rising, with a smile. "I've come to visit your second wife—and a brisk, stirring little body she is, as any man might be proud of."

Mr. Primrose looked dubiously at Georgia.

"Yes," said she, with the mischievous dimples playing around the corners of her lips, as she set the chairs up to the table, "I've heard the whole family history, Phineas, dear. Aunt Eunice is *such* good company!"

Mr. Primrose murmured a few unintelligible words of greeting to aunt Eunice, and sank down into his chair like a child's jumping-jack, with the string broken.

"And its such a lucky thing for you, Phineas," added aunt Eunice, buttering her first muffin, "to get a wife like Georgia, here, arter the trial you had with poor Mehetabel. I've been telling what a hand she was to waste, and how she pawned the silver spoons when you had gone to the Legislature, and how that dreadful habit of drink grew on her, and—"

"Yes," said Mr. Primrose, wiping his damp forehead—"Yes. But perhaps, aunt Eunice, the less said about it the better. My poor, dear, first wife"—the words somehow seemed to stick in his throat as they had never done before—"is dead and gone. Perhaps it would be wiser and kinder to let her faults rest with her."

Aunt Eunice Meeker staid a month, and during all that time the first Mrs. Primrose was never again mentioned. Georgia was merciful, and made no comment. Aunt Eunice was discreet, and held her tongue.

Mrs. Mixel's plan had proved a brilliant success. The ghost of Mr. Primrose's first wife haunted the domestic hearth no longer.—*Saturday Night.*

A Disgusted Canary.—An exchange tells the following anecdote of a canary which was a total abstainer:

Mary Moore has a pet canary bird, which has been trained to many pretty ways. Every day at meal-times Mary opens the cage door, and Dick flies out and lights upon her shoulder, where he stays until the meal is over.

He has been taught that he must be quite still while Mr. Moore asks a blessing on their food; so, unless he comes at once when the cage door is opened, he waits in silence until the blessing is over.

Once fairly perched on Mary's shoulder, he expects a taste of everything she eats, and whenever she drinks, she holds up to him a spoonful of tea or coffee, which he sips as if he liked it.

One day Mary was ill and faint. The doctor ordered brandy and water to revive her, and when she tasted it, Dick, as usual, called for his share.

He laid his head against her face, peeped and coaxed, till, just for fun, she held up the spoon to his beak; but no sooner had Dick tasted the brandy than he flew into a violent passion, shook his head, stamped his feet, and beat his wings, scolding sharply all the time.

Then, in disgust, he flew back into his cage, and would neither come out nor notice Mary again that day.

Middlesex county, in Massachusetts, has a population of about three hundred thousand people and three hundred millions of capital.

The Lake in Central Park.

As we approach the Lake there are many picnic parties in the summer-houses, from whence glimpses of the water may be had through the trees. These arbors are rustic, and overrun with blossoming creepers, wistaria, trumpet-creeper, or honey-suckle, and on the center-table, with which they are generally provided, a party of friends may spread the contents of the picnic basket, and pass a long afternoon in real country quiet, although in reality not a mile, perhaps, from their city home. Little streamlets flow under bridges covered with hanging vines, and tumble in tiny cascades downward toward the lake. In the season the thickets are brilliant with rhododendrons; and here is the Cave, too, invested with romance as the reported hiding-place of smugglers in days of long ago. Entering the cave, one is at first confused by the darkness and mystery of the rocky arch; but gradually the eye grows accustomed to the dim light, and the sparkling, damp walls are cool and refreshing. Following the faint ray which comes from a distance, one may soon get a glimpse of water—a small arm of the lake—through an opening in the rock, over which hangs a swaying curtain of pendant vines. Climbing up a steep flight of steps cut in a crevice of the ledge, one may stand on a miniature headland overlooking the lake, where pleasure-boats with striped red and white awnings pass up and down, and flocks of swans swim gracefully on the water. There are at present on the lake thirty mute swans, six wild, three American trumpeters, and twelve black ones. There were six nests during the last brooding season. The swan chooses a solitary nook among the rocks, where, half in the water, she hatches her brood of young downy cygnets. One swan's nest of last spring appeared like a floating island. Sitting in the midst of a good-sized raft of twigs and branches, the mother-bird brooded her eggs. Did a boat approach, she would curve her long slender neck high in the air, and watch, with keen, suspicious eye, until the intruder had passed on, when the glistening snow-white head would re-assume its reposeful attitude, and the maternal heart rest patiently at its work.

On the southern shore of the lake, where the level lawns of the lower portion of the Park begin, the grass slopes gently to the water's edge. The swans waddle up and crouch in the shade of the bushes, or float round the arbors overhanging the water, where children gather to feed them with bits of cake and cracker, the remains of their picnic luncheon. The path winds along by the water, and there are seats under large drooping willows, and beds of scarlet geraniums and many colored coleuses make bright spots of color on the grass.

The landing-place for the boats at the Esplanade, below the Terrace, where the large fountain fills the air with cooling spray, is always a scene of life. Boats are arriving and departing, crowds are watching the graceful play of water, or meditating the chances of finding an empty table under the arches of the Terrace, where they may study the ornamental tiling of floor and ceiling, and refresh themselves with ice-cream and other delicacies. On either side of the arches broad stone steps lead to the Terrace above, and it is worth while to linger in the ascent to notice the pretty pieces of carving on the stone side rails and posts. There is much real merit in these bits of sculpture—more, indeed, than in most of the more pretentious specimens of the sculptor's art scattered about the park, which, with a few exceptions, like the "Shakespeare," by Mr. Ward, would much better be left out altogether.—Helen S. Conant, in *Harper's Magazine.*

A Zulu Witch-Doctor.

Those familiar with fortune-tellers and other claimants of supernatural knowledge may find in the following description of a Zulu witch-doctor a striking resemblance to their methods:

We were ready to stop at noon for dinner. The oxen were turned loose to graze, our fire was built, coffee-kettle put on, meat hung in front of the fire to broil, and then, while waiting, we wandered off for a little walk. Going down a hill, we came upon a crowd of natives sitting on the ground in a circle around a "witch-doctor," dressed in his snake-skin, with animals' skins and teeth, and his hair plastered with red clay.

After saying "Good-day," we asked what was the matter, and found that some one had lost a cow, and had come to the witch-doctor to learn where to find it.

It is the custom not to tell the doctor what is lost, so he is obliged to guess, which is not very difficult, as the people who have brought the case say, "Hear," between his guesses, and the nearer he is to the right, the more loudly they say "Hear," just as children, playing "hide and seek," say "hot" or "cold." "Is it a chicken?" says the doctor. "Hear," very faintly; "or an ox?" "Hear," much louder; until, when he finally said "A cow?" there could be no mistake; he knew what was missing; and yet, strange to say, the people think this wonderful perception, and so their witch-doctors have immense influence over them.

We could not stay for the end of this case, being obliged to go back to our dinner. As a rule, the doctors either find what is lost, or explain why they cannot in such a satisfactory way that the faith of the people remains unshaken.

Twain on Elevated Roads.—"I used to be afraid of them, but it's no use. Death stares us in the face everywhere and we may as well take it in its elevated form. I have a friend who wanted to take a ride on the elevated when the first one was built; but when he looked at it he thought of his wife and children, and concluded to walk home. On the way up town a woman who was washing a third-story window fell out and just grazed my friend's head. She was killed and he had a very narrow escape. It's no use; there are women washing windows everywhere, and we may as well fall as be fallen upon."

More Trouble in Afghanistan.

Lord Beaconsfield's proverbial good luck has deserted him in Afghanistan at a very critical period in his career as Ministerial leader. One of the most comforting paragraphs in the Queen's speech to Parliament was about the satisfactory close of the Afghan war; and the noble Lord himself was careful at the recent Lord Mayor's dinner to preface his predictions of the good news soon to come from South Africa by a rosy picture of what had happened in India. The sudden outbreak at Cabul, the murder of the resident English Minister and his escort, and the peril of the new Ameer himself, to say nothing of the wide disaffection of the surrounding tribes, would seem completely to lay open the hollowness of the brilliant adjustment of the "scientific frontier" over which the rulers in Downing street have so greatly felicitated themselves. It was believed that with a creature of England on the Afghan throne, the old occupant in his grave and an English soldier stationed at Cabul, the long, gloomy chapter of wars and rumors of wars would be brought to an end, and at the same time the hypothetical danger of a Russian advance from Turkestan would disappear.

The full extent and the results of the revolt are yet, of course, unknown. Russia is accused of complicity; but the Russian papers strenuously deny this; yet, at the same time, they suggest various solutions quite advantageous to the Great Northern Power. The *St. Petersburg Gazette* says:

"The massacre of the members of the English Mission to Afghanistan obliterates the scientific frontier between that country and India, and necessitates the occupation of the whole of Afghanistan by the British. But this is incompatible with the assurance given by England to Russia, with whom there must be an understanding in regard to the measure of satisfaction to be taken by England."

The same journal goes on to recommend a partition of Afghanistan, so as to bring the English and Russian dominions together in Central Asia. Such a culmination would be in direct antagonism to the whole English policy in India. To magnify the importance of a barbarous territory, which until latterly has been hardly more than a "geographic expression," and to control that territory by diplomacy—this was the original plan of the British statesmen as the most effective defense against the Russians. They failed in the first place in the battle of diplomacy, and the declaration of war forced a new and very doubtful change in English plans. If they won, they were responsible for the future ruler and his administration. This meant money and continual watchfulness. Money was qualifiedly promised, but the treacherous Afghan eluded the eye of his powerful guardian, and more blood on the path of English colonial advance is the result. The embarrassment now is that she must either retreat or advance—either put up a large army at Cabul or none at all. She has promised not to do the former without the consent of Russia, and Russia never consents to an enemy's advance without good pay. We are of the opinion that the Tory hue-and-cry over the insecurity of the northern frontier was disingenuous—a mere pretext adopted by political leaders for political ends, and the results, we fancy, will be anything but what was hoped by the British Premier.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

The Original Brother Jonathan.

Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut, the Colonial governor noted for common sense, and integrity, was the original brother Jonathan, the popular representative of the people of the United States. He was a native of Lebanon, a graduate of Harvard, a merchant, and for many years a member of the Connecticut Assembly. He was chosen lieutenant-governor, and having espoused the popular cause, and having refused (1768) to take the oath of office enjoined by parliament, he was elected governor the year following, and re-elected for fourteen years. He did everything in his power to secure the independence of the colonies, and was implicitly trusted and consulted by Washington in emergencies. When the general was sadly in need of ammunition, he called a council of officers, none of whom could offer any practical suggestion. "We must refer the matter to brother Jonathan," said Washington, alluding to Trumbull, who proposed a way of remedying the difficulty. From that day Trumbull was known as Brother Jonathan, and in due time the name was applied to the whole nation. The governor looked a good deal like the symbolic caricature now familiar to the whole world. He was tall, gaunt, sharp-featured, and for full dress wore a swallow tail homespun coat, made in his own household, from wool of his own sheep, and colored with maple bark procured from his own wood pile. His tight trowsers, six inches above his ankles, were of striped linsey-wolsey, spun and made by his own family. He died at seventy-five, universally regretted.

Bull Run and Gettysburg.—When Gen. Getty, commander of the garrison at Fortress Monroe, received Capt. Wise and the Richmond Blues, with a band of music at Old Point the other day, as soon as the music struck up it frightened the team of a countryman, consisting of a runt of a bull hitched to a stick cart, to such an extent that he ran into and demoralized the entire command. When order had been somewhat restored, Capt. Wise wittily remarked to Gen. Getty:

"Another *Bull Run*, General."

"Yes," replied the General, "a regular rout; but I promise you when you get inside the Fort you shall fare better at *Getty s burg*."

And they did, too.—*Richmond* (Va.) *Baton.*

"Knowledge is power." It is a truth that is glorious, but at the same time terrible. Knowledge is power, power for good or evil.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Professors' Phrases.

"Does the tail precede or follow the comet, Professor?"

"That depends on which way the comet is going."

"Would the absolute good of any number of oysters ever counterbalance the good of the individual eating them?"

"Well, I don't know. I doubt if you would be justified in eating all the oysters on the globe at one meal."

"I read in the paper, Professor, that there was a woman in New York who has been unconscious for twenty years, and in that time has eaten nothing. Do you think that is true?"

"Oh, yes, sir; the graveyards are full of them."

"Do you think that I have written enough on this question?"

"Really, sir, I don't know. We are not accustomed to measure these papers by the yard."

"What will my rank be this term?"

"That is not easily determined, as it is less than any assignable quantity."

"I haven't the slightest idea on that point, Professor."

"I've noticed that you've been in that painful state of mind for some time."

"I can't recite that lesson, Professor; am not prepared."

"Really, sir, I did not suppose you would let a little thing like that bother you."

"Can I translate *acto equo temere*, 'A horse acting at random'?"

"Your horse has certainly acted at random, Mr. Blank."

"What is the trouble with the lesson to-day?"

"Too long, Professor."

"I am afraid that in your case any lesson would be too long."

"How was the velocity of light computed?"

"By calculations on the satellites of Jupiter."

"Very well, but how?"

"By astronomical observations—I mean, that is, oh, I see, by eclipses."

"That will do, sir; the eclipse seems to be total."

"Give me a description of the stomach of the horse, Mr. L.?"

"Can't do it, Professor."

"How does the stomach of the horse differ from that of—the next man—the mule?"

"Will you give the difference between a state and a condition?"

"I don't think I can state it, doctor."

"I am sorry you are not in a condition to do so."

"Do you think it is right to argue on a question against your convictions?"

"I am not prepared on this lesson."

"Consult your common sense, then. Are you prepared on that?"

"Why does a cloud stay up in the air if the particles of water are heavier than those of air?"

"I give it up."

"The explanation is that it does not stay up; it falls."

Their First Peep into a Mirror.—Possibly we should not all be as frank to own our deformities as these poor heathen were, even if we could

"See ourse's as ithers see us."

A Christian lady in Siam relates the following in *Children's Work for Children*:

A few weeks ago a company of Siamese women came to see me and to look at my house. They consider it a great treat if I invite them through my rooms and let them look at my bed, my tables, my chairs, my pictures and nicknacks, and especially if they can get a look at themselves in the mirror on the bureau.

One or two of those who came had been here before, and they were telling of how they looked in the glass till the others were all anxious to see, too, so they gathered in a crowd and stood before the mirror.

One quick look, and then a surprised, startled cry, and some of them hid their faces, others jumped away, and some looked about to see who was really there. They had never seen themselves before, and did not know how miserable they looked with their black teeth and half naked bodies. They drew their scarfs over their breasts, and tried to hide from the sight of themselves.

One turned to me and said, "We are very hateful-looking, don't you think so?" I did not tell them I had always thought so, but I said, "Now, since you know how you look, is it any wonder that we always tell you to wear more clothes and to quit chewing betel?"

Thinking of His Mother Too Late.

The repentance (as well as the sentimental piety) of murderers—when they are caught—very naturally excite suspicion and rebuke. Their better feelings are dormant so long as they can sin undetected, and when punishment comes they grow very tender. The *Ledger* makes these just remarks in a recent case:

"Do not let my mother know of this," was the earnest request of Cox, the murderer of Mrs. Hull, after his arrest and confession. And the daily papers have since published accounts of how the poor old woman, at her home in Richmond, was overwhelmed with anguish when she received intelligence of her son's great crime.

Thus it is that the innocent suffer for the guilty—often with greater poignancy of grief than the guilty themselves experience.

Cox had a letter from his mother on his person, asking him in the most affectionate terms to come and see her; but it had vanished from his memory until he had found himself in a situation which made it impossible ever to visit her again. Then his filial affection revived, and manifested itself in the vain request that she might be kept in ignorance of what he had done.

No man stands alone. The thread of every human life is interwoven with the threads of other lives, and no individual can be helped or hurt without helping or hurting others also.

Groundless prejudices and weakness of conscience, instead of tenderness, mislead too many others, too many, otherwise good men.—*Sprat.*

A Storm in the Caucasus.

BY A RUSSIAN TRAVELER.

"Your honor, the horses are ready!"

At my elbow, as I sit over my omelet and coffee, at the hotel l'Europe, at Tiflis, stands a tall, gaunt, hard-featured man in uniform (with a trumpet as long and narrow as himself), uttering the cabalistic words which are to ring in my ears for many a day to come. I glance through the open window, and espy, amid an admiring crowd of every type, from the aquiline Georgian to the bun-faced Tartar, three rough-looking post-horses, harnessed to a nondescript vehicle, like a butcher's cart with a hood over it, absolutely without a seat of any kind,—the customary fashion of carriage traveling on the Asiatic frontier being to lie, full length, in the bottom of the conveyance, upon a heap of straw.

"You're going to travel in grand style this time," says my friend, Captain K——, with a jovial grin upon his broad, florid face; "but you mustn't expect this sort of thing on the Turkoman steppes. When you get out *there*, you'll have to carry your own food and water along with you, and go forty versts or more from one well to another, and jolt along all day on the back of a camel, and sleep on the ground at night, with only a rug over you; and if you ever come back alive, it'll be something worth talking about. Good-bye. Pleasant journey."

Certainly Dr. Johnson had some reason on his side when he placed the acme of human enjoyment in being whirled along by a post-chaise. Flying at full speed over a splendid military road, with the fresh mountain breeze stirring my blood like the breath of life, the rich summer blue of the sky overhead, and the glorious panorama of the Central Caucasus outspread on every side, as far as eye can reach, I have nothing left to desire.

And with every hour the surrounding scenery becomes more magnificent. Smooth, sloping hillsides at first, crested with waving trees, and dappled with flocks of goats; then bolder and bleaker ridges, rising ever higher, and steeper, and darker, with here and there the skeleton of some ancient Georgian castle.

Night comes on, and my courier begins to show visible signs of being "played out," and at length ventures to hint at the propriety of halting for the night at the station which we have just reached. But I, mindful of the risk of missing the one weekly steamer across the Caspian Sea from Petrovsk to Astrakhan, turn a deaf ear to his remonstrances, and order fresh horses forthwith.

However, the force of circumstances is against me, after all. The words are barely uttered when the gleam of a passing lantern flashes upon a mustached face and military cap, and a familiar voice (that of my friend, Lieut. A——, shouts through the darkness,—

"Is that you, David Stepanovitch (David, son of Stephen)? I thought nobody else would be mad enough to think of going forward with such a sky as that. Just look at it, and see! You had better come in and have some tea with me, like a sensible fellow, instead of going and killing yourself for nothing."

I look up, and cannot but own that he is right. The bright southern moonlight has vanished in a huge mass of inky cloud, while the deadly stillness of the whole atmosphere is ominous of coming evil. While I am still hesitating, my impatient courier strikes in on the side of his new ally,

"Ah, David Stepanovitch! can't you listen to reason? The gentleman's right; it would be a sin to think of going on in such weather. Come in quick, before it begins."

I allow myself to be hurried into the post-house, and not an instant too soon. We are barely inside, when suddenly everything becomes bright as at noonday; the quaint little cross-beamed room, the knives and glasses on the table, the white faces of the inmates, the picture of the saint in the farther corner, the dim waste of mountains outside, are all terribly distinct for one moment, and as suddenly blotted out again.

Then comes a clap of thunder that seems to split the very sky, and instantly the whole fury of the storm breaks loose. The wind howls and shrieks and shakes the strong timbers till they groan, and the heavy bullets of rain come rattling upon the roof, and the thunder roars and bangs overhead, and flash after flash lights up the pouring sky and tossing forest, only to plunge them again into deeper darkness.

But at length the uproar ceases, and the clouds roll away, and the full moon breaks out once more, and on we go again through miry roads and dripping forests, with the roar of the swollen river coming hoarsely to our ears from below. Higher, ever higher, gradually losing all trace of vegetation amid heaped masses of black, broken rock, and boundless fields of eternal snow, which look doubly spectral in the silent moonlight. Despite the piercing cold, I sleep for more than an hour as soundly as a Turkish sentry, and wake to find myself on the summit of the Pass, very wet, very sore, very cold, very hungry, and very ill-tempered.

My standpoint is the crown of the great central ridge which forms the backbone of the Caucasus, looking down into Europe on one side and Asia on the other. Far down the incline, the endless curves of the road by which we have ascended melt into the sea of mist below.

All around me the mountain side has been rent by yawning rifts, marking the fall of the vast misshapen boulders that lie strewn on every side, like some battle-field of the Titans.

At my very feet lies a mighty gulf of several hundred feet, from the misty depths of which comes booming up the dull roar of an unseen waterfall, while beyond it, black frowning cliffs surge up against the clear morning sky, blotting it as with a rising thunder-cloud.

And high over all, with its great white pyramid shining like silver in the splendor of the sunrise, towers the glorious Kazleck, lifting itself heavenward in silent, eternal prayer.—*Companion.*

The School in the Woods.

The boy's will is the wind's will.

When I was a boy, I lived with my father on his plantation in the Cherokee country of North Georgia. A passion for the study of natural history, and especially ornithology, led me to spend most of my time in the woods. I had a leather knapsack, made waterd tight, in which I carried my books and a small telescope. My arms were an English bow and arrows, and a very short, light, single-barreled shot-gun.

My father's plantation consisted of some two or three hundred acres of cleared land, lying on the edge of an immense forest of pine and oak, through which flowed a beautiful river, named by the Cherokee Indians, "Coosawattee." Some clear spring streams, too, rising in the foot-hills, or rather the spur-ridges of the pine-log mountains, rippled along the many little dells among ferns, wild morning-glories and balsam.

This region was a paradise of birds and many kinds of small quadrupeds. A few deer were to be seen, if you understood how to look for them, and occasionally a flock of wild turkeys would rise from the edge of some sedgy glade with a loud flapping of wings, and fly away into the darkest hollows of the woods.

Let me tell you how I prosecuted my various studies. I wished to study all the branches of a liberal education whilst paying especial attention to zoology and general natural history, and I so arranged my studies that by spending more than the usual amount of time with my teachers Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, I had Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays free for my woodland ramblings and out-door studies. It was a very joyful school life. Whilst lying beside clear mountain springs, in the cool shade of the wild woods, with many rare songsters warbling above me, I read Wilson and Bonaparte and Audubon's books on birds. At other times I would sit on the cedar-covered bluffs of the Coosawattee, and pore over mathematical problems. I read some choice novels, principally French, in order to get a good knowledge of that language. I remember well how "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" delighted me. I translated and read, during one bass-fishing season, the "Essay on Old Age," and the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero, and many of the odes of Horace.

What made my school-life in the woods most delightful was the companionship of my brother, a little younger than I, who studied with me. He was a most enthusiastic egg-hunter. He collected for the cabinets of two or three gentlemen a great number of rare bird-eggs. We both delighted in shooting with the bow and arrow. Sometimes we spent a day in the woods as follows: We would go to some one of the many cold springs of clear water in among the hills, and select an open spot, where we would set up a small mark to shoot at. Our rule was to shoot for half an hour, then unstring our bows and drink a cup of water, in which we had dissolved some blackberry, mullberry or currant jelly; then take our books and study hard for an hour, after which take another half-hour's shooting, followed by lunch. Under such circumstances study was easy and our sport glorious.

Those little mountain streams of North Georgia abound in bass, a very game fish. We used to angle a great deal in the season for it. Sometimes we would neglect our lessons a little when the fish were particularly lively; but we made up for this on rainy days, when we could do nothing but study.

Late in the bass-fishing season the muscadines ripen along the streams. They are very large wild grapes, growing, not in clusters, but singly, as plums do. I know of nothing more delicious than the juice of a muscadine. We used to take a flat-bottomed little boat, and pole it along the banks of those rivers where the muscadine vines covered the overhanging trees, and, getting hold of a bough, we would shake down the dark purple fruit until the floor was covered. Then we would eat and study at the same time, while the waves of the river kept our boat gently swaying up and down. We sometimes professed to think that muscadine juice softened the conditions of an algebraic problem, and even brightened the angles of French verbs. When we were reading Fenelon's "Adventures of Telemachus," we haunted a little island in the Oothcaloga, which we named "L'Ile de Calypso," where we built ourselves a rude shelter under a giant palm-tree. From the stream at the south end of this island we caught some very large bass, and some blue perch, called bream by Southerners.

Immediately after the first heavy frosts of autumn we went to the mountains to gather chestnuts. The trees were generally very large, and often they bore enormously large quantities of those huge prickly burrs in which the nuts grow. After the frost, the first wind would cover the ground at the roots of the trees with the burrs already opened and the nuts peeping out. Nowhere in the world could be found finer chestnut forests than those of North Georgia a few years ago; but now they are sadly dilapidated, worms having killed many of the trees. On our nutting excursions we went in a mountain cart drawn by a mule, and camped out for a week or so. We studied at night by the light of flaming splinters of resinous pine, called by the Southern people "lightwood." Our teachers sometimes would go with us on these pleasant rambles, giving us our lectures in the open air. This camping out is a very enjoyable thing in every way, when the weather is fine. Wilson's beautiful descriptive prose discloses its very subtlest charm when read aloud to the accompaniments of a crackling out-door fire, amid the stillness of the woods by night. Meat is juicier and bread sweeter when eaten in the open air, and mental food takes on the same increase of flavor and novelty of taste when blown over by the winds, shone upon by the sun and moon, and dampened by the dew.

When men ask me where I was educated, I answer: "In the University of the Woods," and they sometimes add the further question:

"Is that a German school?"

Then I look grave and shake my head, saying:

"No, it is situated in the Georgian mountains."

Which, of course, sounds very much as if my education were Asiatic!—MAURICE THOMPSON, in *St. Nicholas*.

The Literature in Public Libraries.

It is often urged by those who seek to justify the enormous preponderance in our public libraries of works of fiction, "that it is far better to read even senseless and highly wrought novels than to read nothing at all," and that many who read such novels would read nothing if deprived of them. We are not by any means sure that the assumption upon which this argument is based is sound. If it is an assumption that reading is an absolute good, that is that any reading is better than no reading—and this is what it seems to be—it is hopelessly unsound. There is a vast amount of the current literature of the day which is as much worse than no reading for the juvenile mind as can well be imagined. Look at the windows of the newsdealers in any large city—and Detroit, we regret to say is not an exception—and you will find them ornamented with a class of books and newspapers, so called, which bear the same relation to healthful literature that poison does to wholesome food. We do not refer now to the vile and licentious papers which appeal to the grossest passions, and which garnish so many shop windows, even in cities like Detroit, where police supervision is nominally maintained. We refer to the so-called "story-papers," with their glaring monstrosities of illustration, and with their stories of decapitated heroes who ride about the land carrying their heads suspended from one hand by the hair. Can there be any question in any sane mind that the growing youth of the country might far better abstain altogether from reading—nay, might almost better never learn to read—than to devour such unclean trash? Yet, aside from the illustrations, there is much of the stuff with which our libraries abound that is not one whit better than this that parades itself in the shop windows. It may not furnish quite so much in the way of physical impossibilities. It may not furnish any sketch of headless but active horsemen. It may not extol murder as a fine art, and thereby turn the infant mind to deeds of blood, as the shop window stuff did in the case of Jesse Pomeroy and the Ohio boy who murdered his mother and two others last week. But it does furnish views of life and human nature which are quite as untrue and distorted as those presented in the "story papers."

There is reason to fear, too, that it is largely instrumental in creating the craving that seeks satisfaction in the perusal of the more pernicious literature referred to. It is stated in a reputable Eastern publication that from the Hartford Public Library one boy has taken and read one hundred and two novels in the past six months, while a girl in the same time has taken one hundred and twelve. How long will the resources of the most extensive public library hold out against such a morbid appetite? How long will it be before even the most exciting of so-called "respectable literature" will fail to satisfy the craving for excitement, and this hungry boy or girl be driven to the story papers, with their headless horsemen, and female Crusoes, and other abominations?

There are cases, no doubt, where a dormant taste for reading has been wakened by the judicious administration of fiction, even of a very poor class, when all other means have failed. But for every single case of this kind there are hundreds of cases where the injudicious license to read everything and anything that has passed the not over rigid scrutiny which guards the admission of books to our libraries has permanently vitiated and destroyed the taste for wholesome reading.

Not all fiction, of course, is subject to condemnation. There are among the novels books which have performed, and still are performing, missions as noble as any merely human effort can perform. There are others, too, which without having any special mission, minister to a just and proper desire for variety in literature, and for mental relaxation and entertainment. But below all these there is a class of novels, largely represented in all the public libraries, which differ in no essential particular from the most reprehensible of the "flash" literature of the day. It may not be easy for the casual observer always to draw the line; but with the matter in charge of careful readers, with broad and liberal but thoroughly clean and wholesome views, there would be no difficulty whatever in drawing the line so as to include all that is worth saving of the literature of fiction while remorselessly excluding that which is baneful.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SAGACIOUS DOG.—Some one at the British Association's meeting at Dublin read a paper on the intellect of animals. He cited no case so remarkable as that of Cuchino's dog, which lives on this boat. This, and the steamer which runs to Desenzano—fifteen miles away, at the southwest corner of the lake—start from Riva, at the north end of Garda. The dog was familiar with the crews of both, and with the other craft, but he had never made a trip by her. For a long time he watched her course down the other side of the lake, and saw her drawing farther and farther away, until she was hidden by the projecting point. One day, his mind fully settled to its theory, he proceeded to verify it. He marched deliberately over to Desenzano, took passage, came safely to Riva, and went back to his familiar kitchen with an air of entire satisfaction. He could not be induced to make another trip by that boat. He had "done" it, and had no more worlds to conquer in that direction. He had reasoned out a plan of action, and had found his reasoning correct.—Colonel GEO. E. WARING, in *Harper's Magazine.*

The power of eloquence is sometimes superior to military force.

The Locust.

The Hebrews had several sorts of locusts, which are not known to us. The old historians and modern travelers remark that locusts are very numerous in Africa and many places of Asia; that sometimes they fall like a cloud upon the country, and eat up everything they meet with. Moses describes four sorts of locusts. Since there was a prohibition against using locusts, it is not to be questioned that these creatures were commonly eaten in Palestine and the neighboring countries. Dr. Shaw, Niebuhr, Russell, and many other travelers in the eastern countries, represent their taste as agreeable, and inform us that they are frequently used for food. Dr. Shaw observes that, when they are sprinkled with salt and fried, they are not unlike in taste to our fresh-water cray-fish. Russell says the Arabs salt them and eat them as a delicacy. Niebuhr also says that they are gathered by the Arabs in great abundance, dried, and kept for winter provisions.

The ravages of the migratory locust have been, at particular times, so extensive as to lay waste the vegetation of whole districts and even kingdoms. In the year 593 of the Christian era, these insects appeared in such vast numbers as to cause a famine in many countries. Syria and Mesopotamia were overrun by them in 537. In 852 immense swarms took their flight from the eastern regions into the west, and destroyed all vegetables, not even sparing the bark of trees or the thatch of houses, after devouring the crops of corn, grass, etc.

Their daily marches were observed to be about twenty miles each; and it is said that their progress was directed with so much order that there were regular leaders among them, who flew first and settled on the spot which was to be visited at the same hour next day by the whole legion. Their marches were always undertaken at sunrise. In 1141 incredible hosts afflicted Poland, Wallachia, and all the adjoining territories, darkening the sun with their numbers, and ravishing all the fruits of the earth. The years 1747 and 1748 afforded a memorable instance of the ravages of these insects in Germany and other parts of Europe, as far north as England.

Employment.

The following just sentiment was uttered by Daniel Webster, in a speech in the Senate of the United States. It should be held in everlasting remembrance:

"Sir, I say it is employment that makes the people happy. Sir, this great truth ought never to be forgotten; it ought to be placed upon the title-page of every book on political economy intended for America, and such countries as America. It ought to be placed in every farmer's magazine and mechanic's magazine. It should be proclaimed everywhere, notwithstanding what we hear of the usefulness—and I admit the high usefulness of cheap food—notwithstanding that the great truth should be proclaimed everywhere, should be made into a proverb, if it could—that where there is work for the hands and the men there will be work for their teeth. Where there is employment there will be bread. And in a country like our own, above all others, will this truth hold good—a country like ours, where, with a great deal of spirit and activity among the masses, if they can find employment, there is always great willingness for labor. If they can obtain fair compensation for their labor, they will have good houses, good clothing, good food, and the means of educating their families; and if they have good houses, and good food, and means of educating their children from their labor, that labor will be cheerful, and they will be a contented and happy people.

Cotton in Texas.

Texans seem to have learned the lesson which the Georgians and other people of the older cotton states have just now comprehended, namely, that it "pays" to alternate crops, and that no lasting prosperity can be reared upon a single and exclusive staple. Cotton will always hold a chief place in the agriculturist's affections, because it is the only product that will command ready cash at its market value in the nearest town. The stranger who has crossed the large open square, or plaza, which is found in every Texan town, at an early hour in the day, will marvel at the change of a few hours. Before midday, the cotton teams have arrived from the surrounding country, clustering upon every available space in the square and along the adjacent streets. It would be impossible to portray a more animated or varied scene. Clumsy wagons drawn by little, compact oxen, or possibly by an ox and a mule, are constantly arriving—the men, women and children mounted high upon the roughly-bound cotton bales; the expert in cotton staple, who jumps nimbly, note-book in hand from wagon to wagon, buying here, rejecting there, and bartering everywhere; the itinerant Hebrews, who press their cheap but showy goods upon the rustics—these and hundreds who have each his own little bargain to drive—and, above all, the great Babel of purchase and sale. The journey to town on market-day is an event in the monotone of life with most of these cotton-growers. They throng the stores, the walks, and patronize tha grotesque fakirs, the side shows, and all the wandering brotherhood of minstrelsy, sure to be there when trade is lively.—FRANK H. TAYLOR, in *Harper's Magazine.*

Life for a man is a sentence of capital punishment, with a respite of a few scores of years. For a woman it is the same with imprisonment during a large part of the respite.—*O. W. Holmes.*

The want of a boom in stocks is very dispiriting to the curbstone brokers who have not a dollar invested. They talk big, however, and imagination does the rest.

It is unkind of Mr. Corbin to call the Jews piggish, when we take in consideration the objection of the race to pork.—*Bos. Sat. Eve. Gazette.*

Wit and Humor.

A pair off—An eloping couple.—[Richmond Baton.

The Board of Education—a schoolmaster's shingle.

Straw hats tell which way the wind blows.—[New Orleans Picayune.

The home of the Cæsars—the custom house.—[Baltimore Every Saturday.

"What has once passed can never be recalled"—a street car, for instance.

The new broom sweeps clean when it is properly handled.—[New Orleans Picayune.

A gentleman in conversation said that his dogs were A1. Shouldn't they have been rated K9?

According to the entomologist of the Cincinnati Commercial, the hornet is a little stern-wheel rhinoceros.

"Curses come home to roost" with more regularity than the midnight brawlers who utter them ever do.

Find out what men laugh at and you know exactly how refined and intelligent they are.—[New Orleans Picayune.

"A Fraud in Silks," is the startling head-line in an exchange. Ah! Went back on you, did she?"—[Rockland Courier.

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be!—[Whitehall Times.

"You need a little rouge, my dear,' said Jack Frost to the leaf. And the leaf soon found it was a drop game.—[Cincinnati Commercial.

The supreme moment of a loafer's life is when a candidate asks for the use of his influence with the workingmen of his ward.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Fisherman, solemn and sedate,
Loan me a little of your bait?
But he only winked one eye at me—
"I'm not the Loan Fisherman," said he.
—[Cincinnati Star.

The Rochester Express tells of a person who "was born, married and buried on the same day." We never heard of any person being married as young as that.—[Graphic.

When you see a drunken man stagger up and catch hold of a lamp-post and call it his friend, you can make up your mind the post is his reel friend.—[Whitehall Times.

I know not which of the twain lifts man the higher—genius or gentleness.—[Henry Ward Beecher. No more do we; but we'll back a mule against either.—[Boston Post.

"They say I snore. Did you hear me last night at the hotel in the room opposite yours?" asked he. "Hear you," exclaimed the casual acquaintance—"not only that, but I could feel you!"

Whenever a doctor makes his appearance in a new settlement in the far West, the inhabitants know that it is about time to pick out a location for a cemetery.—[Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

Gold from Europe continues to arrive here in such quantities that our young men can now own two sets of brass sleeve buttons without being considered extravagant.—[Philadelphia Chronicle.

"A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK."—Khedive Junior (loq.)—"Take 'em away—take 'em away! None of their tight European boots for me! They may say what they like—I mean to stick to my father's slippers!"

A short time since, as a regiment headed by its band marched by, a little boy standing at his window with his mother said: "I say, ma! what is the use of all those soldiers who don't play?"—[Albany Journal.

PICNIC.—If the sun were not broiling, and the sand didn't get into the salad, and the rocks were soft and smooth, and one hadn't to go three-quarters of a mile for water, what a tame affair a picnic would be!

A very-much-whiskered individual driving in a Victoria down-town with his Scotch terrier asked a witty lady what she thought of them. "Why!" said she, "I thought you were beside yourself!"—[Boston Traveller.

Young Lady—"John, how long shall you be, as I want to practice?" Gallant Young Gardener (with a noisy lawn mower)—"Oh, goo yeouw on, Miss Amy—goo yeouw on! I shan't mind yar niise!"—[London Punch.

Coachman to Minister of Finance (whom he had driven to the Treasury Department on the first day of that functionary's incumbency)—"When does Your Excellency desire to leave the treasury?" Minister of Finance (abstractedly)—"Never!"

"Hello, where are you off to? Going traveling?" "Yes, my friend Soandso, editor of the Whatsitsname, has got me passes to the seaside and I'm going to spend a few weeks there and write some letters to the paper." "You ungrateful wretch!"

He asks her: "Going away?" "Yes; going to the sea baths." "What! in such chilly weather as this? You will never go into the water?" "Oh, yes I will; I'm all fixed up for that." "Really?" "Yes; I've had all my bathing dresses lined with fur."

"Do you see where you are charged, sir, with being drunk and disorderly?" observed the Recorder, holding out the affidavit just signed and sworn to by the policeman. The tramp took the affidavit, read it carefully, upside down, and replied: "Am I to blame? I never wrote that."—[Galveston News.

A black snake twelve feet long was killed by a dog at Forestburgh lately. Mrs. Burns, owner of the dog, was about to step over what she supposed to be a root, when the dog seized it, the blood spurting over her clothing.

The scales of justice are for the weight of the transgressor.

THE SYSTEM IS OFTEN SO RAPIDLY REDUCED by a severe attack of Diarrhœa, or other Affection of the Bowels, as to get almost beyond the reach of medicine, before the patient can realize the necessity of looking about him for a remedy. Better keep by you Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, a safe curative for Asiatic Cholera, Cramps, Dysentery, &c., and thus be prudently prepared to treat these complaints on their first appearance.

WITHOUT A RIVAL!

ENLARGEMENT
—OF THE—
SAN FRANCISCO
Weekly Chronicle.

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—TO—
$2 per Year
AND GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

Encouraged by an enormous and increasing subscription list, and with unsurpassed facilities, the WEEKLY CHRONICLE has been enlarged from a 64-column paper to a paper of 72 columns, and in connection with the change the price has been reduced materially, making this the CHEAPEST, LARGEST and BEST weekly publication in the United States, if not in the world. It is the

It is the Great Family Paper for the Farmer, Miner and Merchant

Of the Pacific Coast. It contains eight large pages, clearly printed with new type and on new presses, with nine long columns to the page. It is a complete mirror of the passing events of the world, as well as a library of literature, amusement and knowledge.

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Is one of its leading features, which is under the management of a gentleman thoroughly qualified for the position by education, experience and long residence on the coast. As a medium of agricultural information it has no superior.

For freshness of news, editorial ability, literary excellence and artistic arrangement, it challenges competition. It supplies tha intellectual wants of all—the Farmer, the Laborer, the Artisan, the Merchant, the Miner, the Old and the Young. The price of this unrivaled paper has been reduced to $2 per year, papable in advance, which includes postage.

CLUB RATES.

A club of three subscribees one year, $1 75 each; a club of five subscribers, one year, $1 60 each; a club of ten subscribers, one year, $1 50 each. This includes postage.

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THE ÆTNA
WARM MINERAL SPRINGS,

SITUATED 16 MILES EAST OF ST. Helena, in Pope Valley, Napa Co. Cal. These waters closely resemble the Ems of Germany in analysis and sanitary effects. They have cured many cases of **Heart, Kidney, Spinal** and **Liver Diseases**; also **Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Paralysis, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, General Debility, Bronchitis** and **Pulmonary Complaints** in their early stages.

See pamphlet descriptive of analysis and cures, at the office of **J. A. Bauer, Esq.**, Chemist and Apothecary, No. 101 Post street, San Francisco.

Board and Baths $10 per Week.

WM. A. LIDELL, Proprietor.

☞ The Ætna Springs stage will leave the Palace Hotel, St. Helena, Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6:30 A. M. Fare $2. WM. A. ELGIN, Proprietor.

Employment

At home for men and women, boys and girls, in selling an article needed by every one. Our plan makes t easy for the canvasser, as we furnish free, a large number of circulars for distribution, so that the article can be advertised in advance, thus making it easier to sell. **Large Profits.** Capital required, from $12 to $20. Those without means may be able to get some friend to purchase the goods and deliver to them in small quantities. Exclusive agency for towns or counties given to experienced canvassers who can work up a large wholesale and retail trade, as every druggist, groceryman and general dealer will keep the article as soon as it is known. Every family will need from $5 to $15 worth per year. A nice box of samples sent by mail postpaid on receipt of 75c in postage stamps. Circulars free. Address, **Poor Man's Employment Agency**, room 63, 320 Sansome St., San Francisco.

For all diseases of the skin use PHOSPHATE SOAP. There is nothing like it for removing impurities and giving the skin a healthy and natural vigor.

N. CURRY & BRO
113 Sansome Street, San Francisco
SOLE AGENTS
FOR THE
Sharps Rifle Co., of Bridgeport, Conn.
FOR CALIFORNIA, OREGON, ARIZONA, NEVADA
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Also, Agents for W. W. GREENER'S Celebrated Wedgefast, Chokebore, Breech-loading DOUBLE GUNS; and all kinds of GUNS, RIFLES and PISTOLS made by the Leading Manufacturers of England and America. AMMUNITION of all kinds, in quantities to suit

If you wish to make your hands soft buy a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP, and when that is gone you will buy a dozen and recommend your friends to do the same.

HARNESS!
And Saddlery Goods Wholesale and Retail.

Double Ranch Harness, $15 to $45 per set; double Buggy Harness, $30 to $150 per set; Single Buggy Harness, $12.50 to $75 per set; Side Saddles, $8 to $50 each; Buggy whips, $1.50 to $36 per doz.; California Buck lashes 10 ft. $14 to $24 per doz.; two horse lashes 6 ft., $2 to $7 per doz; Harness leather, good quality, 29c. to 34c. per lb.; Curry Combs, $1 to $4 per doz.; Hame Straps, $2 per doz.; Snake whips, $8 to $30 per doz.; Sweat Collars, $8 to $12 per doz.; Riding Bridles, $10.50 to $21 per doz.; Sinchos, $4.50 to $18 per doz.; Collars, $15 to $30 per doz.; California hand forged Bits and Spurs.

California saddles all complete, $7 50 each to $50. Can furnish the names of ranchmen in every county in the State who have had their orders satisfactorily filled by freight or express. Send for price list to W. DAVIS, **421 Market St., San Francisco.**

The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, out in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 85 cents in stamps.

DO NOT FAIL to send for our NEW PRICE LIST. More complete than ever. Contains descriptions of every thing required for *personal or family use*, with over 1000 Illustrations. Send nine cents for it. (Stamps will do.) We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America who make this their special business. Address,
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.,
227 & 229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ills.

Dr. Spinney & Co.,

11 Kearny St., San Francisco. There are many men from thirty to sixty years of age suffering from general prostration and a weakening of the system which they can not account for. Dr. Spinney will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases and a complete restoration of the physical and nervous powers. Call or address as above. Send for Dr. Spinney & Co.'s new pamphlet.

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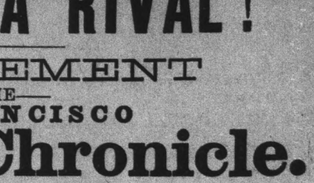
824 and 826 Kearny St., San Francisco.
$1 25 and $1 50 PER DAY.
H. C. PATRIDGE, - - - - - PROPRIETOR

Two Concord Coaches, with the name of the Hotel on, will always be in waiting at the landing to convey passengers to the Hotel free. ☞ Be sure you get into the right Coach; if you do not, they will charge you.

PHOSPHATE SOAP



If your wife will persist in the use of cosmetics buy her a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP and tell her to use it every night before retiring. In that way much of the harm will be avoided, as the skin will thereby be able to retain much of its natural vigor and beauty.

TESTIMONIALS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug 27, 1879.

Gentlemen:

I received a package of your soap (Phosphate Soap) and it gives me great pleasure to testify as to its superior excellence. As a toilet soap I have never seen anything to surpass it. It also possesses superior remedial qualities. I have used it in two cases of obstinate skin disease, one of intolerable itching, *Pruritus*, the other an *Eczema*. In both great relief was obtained. Its emollient properties are remarkable. Respectfully,

W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D.,
126 O'Farrell St.

To the Standard Soap Company.

SAN JOSE, September 24, 1879.

To the Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

It affords me pleasure to say to the public that I have used and prescribed your PHOSPHATE SOAP as a remedy in various forms of cutaneous diseases with the happiest results. I am of the opinion that it is the mildest and most perfect detergent that can be used, either for cleansing the skin and leaving it soft and healthy, or for removing the fetor and corroding influences of sores and ulcerations. I should be sorry to be without it in shaving my face or making my toilet, to say nothing of my good opinion of its remedial qualities.

A. J. SPENCER, M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in pronouncing your PHOSPHATE SOAP the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so essential to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it.

C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D.,
120 Capp street.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—Gents:

I have tried your PHOSPHATE SOAP, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap I ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents. HENRY H. LYNCH,
515 Haight street.

OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 1, 1879.

Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:

We have been giving your PHOSPHATE SOAP a pretty fair trial, and we like it the best of any soap for toilet use that we have found on this Coast. We have little doubt that it will meet with universal favor. MRS. R. R. JOHNSTON,
1016 Kirkham street.

We have used the PHOSPHATE SOAP in our practice, for cleaning indolent ulcers, and also skin diseases, pimples and eruptions of the face, so often seen in the young of both sexes, and can heartily recommend it to the public as the most remedial agent of the kind that we have used.—*S. F. Medico-Literary Journal.*

The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 85 cents in stamps.

STANDARD SOAP CO.,
204 Sacramento St., S. F

WOODLAND STANDARD.

DAIGHT L. HACKETT, ... EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL., ... OCT. 18, 1879

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

The result of the elections in Ohio and Iowa is not exactly a pleasant subject for a Democratic editorial. We can't throw that "fire" and "gush" into the subject that we could had those States gone not quite so heavy Republican. There is not that chance to call the attention of the public to the fact that the people of those States have shown to the world that they have not quietly acquiesced in the frauds of 1876 that there would have been had the result been otherwise. So we won't wax eloquent over these elections, but will simply give as our views on the subject that if the leaders of the Democratic party of the United States had a little more sense it would be better for them. In their aims to be first in every movement for the benefit of the masses, they are too apt to jump at delusions and embrace them in the party platform, and the result is that when these delusions are proven to be such, the party suffers the consequences. If the Democratic party would stick to purely Democratic principles it would be the leading party and the party of the people to-day. In the Presidential fight next year we think the Democracy will not run after false issues, but will make its fight on the time honored priciples of the party, and if it does it cannot be defeated.

The New York *Sun*, speaking of the Grant interview in which he said "I don't aspire" and then looked "thoughtfully seaward" and said nothing, says: "It is no secret that the voyage round the world was part of a plan to put Grant in training for a third term. He desired to go abroad, and that wish fitted in with the desires of those who wanted him away from party strifes, and out of danger of the committals and complications which would be almost inevitable should he remain at home. He was put in the way of gaining a large sum of money, enough to cover his expenditures of travel on a liberal scale, without seemingly having to incur any obligation. The arrangement was far more delicate than the subscription to the fund in his behalf in 1868. But the parties to it are as well known as were Fish, Borie, Chiles, Drexel, and the others who flourished during two terms as the power behind the throne. Grant is as much a candidate now as he was in 1868 or in 1872. All the Ring chiefs and a great number of leaders in the Republican party are for him first, last and all the time. They have not changed in the least degree, or abated a jot in devotion. Their programme of a sectional crusade has been organized with reference to Grant All the the platforms are manufactured in one mould, and they bear the impress of a preconcerted plan of campaign for 1880, by forcing an issue with the South, and claiming that a man with an iron grip is demanded in the Executive office."

It is a fact, the Washington *Post* declares, not found in any Republican paper, nor mentioned by any Republican campaign speaker, that there are more Union soldier employes on the rolls of the present Democratic Congress than were ever borne on the rolls of any Republican Congress. It is a fact which Republican journals and speakers studiously ignore, that the Union-soldiers receive more consideration and much better treatment from Congress since the Democracy gained control of the House and took charge of the appropriations, than were ever accorded them during the long period of Republican rule.

The Vallejo *Chronicle* has lately been enlarged, and is issued by the Vallejo Chronicle Publishing Company. It is greatly improved under the new management.

The Semi-Weekly *Record-Union* has been reduced to the low price of $2.00 a year. Outside of its Radical and railroad leanings, it is the best paper in the State.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has rendered a decision that the county of Alleghany is responsible for the damages sustained by the riots of 1877 in that county.

The Republicans have carried Ohio by about 15,000 majority, and Iowa by 25,000—a large increase over the the majorities of the last elections.

Report of the State Controller.

The official Biennial Report of State Controller Brown is published in neat and handsome form from the State Printing Office. The exhibit of the Controller, duing his term of office, will prove very gratifying to every tax-payer, and to all who have pride in the sound and honest administration of publicaffairs. The finances of California have never been better or more economically managed. The total receipts for the two fiscal years ending June 30, 1879, were $7,457,105.22; the expenditures, $7,399,842.16. The State debt, bearing interest, is only about $3,000,000—which is more than covered by the value of property acquired and owned in the Capitol building, ground and improvements. It is greatly to the credit and commendation of the present Democratic Administration that every Department has been so excellently, faithfully and economically conducted as to show a marked improvement over that of the Radical Administration which preceded it, particularly in the important items of efficiency and retrenchment. And the Controller's office is conspicuous in this very commendable improvement. Mr. Brown will retire from office, on the expiration of his term, with the consciousness of having been faithful to duty, and the praise of all, without distinction of party as a most meritorious public servent.

A Noble Proposition.

Prince Bismark is a stateman, whose memory will long live in the German mind. He has done many things for his country, but never said anything deserving of more praise than to make a proposition to the surrounding nations for a general disarmament. What a glorious thing it would be if Germany, France, Austria, Russia, Italy, Spain and England were to disband their armies and enter into a compact to decide all their differences by arbitration! All the smaller Powers would soon follow the example, for it is these which have the most to fear, and upon which falls heaviest the tax for supporting military establishments. Millions of men who are now consumers, but non-producers; would be released from arms-bearing, to become industrious and useful citizens. The money thus saved could be expended in the grandeur of the nations, decrease oppressive taxation and ameliorate the condition of the people. —[S. F. Call.

A Crisis in Spain.

LONDON, October 14.—A dispatch from Madrid states that the Government is much embarrassed by the attitude of the majority of the Committee on Cuban Reforms, who favor the planters' suggestion that abolition measures be limited to freeing the offspring of slaves and adults over sixty years of age. In addition to this, the home agricultural and manufacturing interests are strongly opposed to modifications of the tariffs. Prime Minister Campos has already tendered his resignation, and it is reported Senor Albacete, Minister of Colonies, has done likewise. It is considered almost certain in political circles that Senores Canovas del Castillo, Eldnayen, Romero and Robledo will be summoned to form a Cabinet, and, with the conservative majority, assume the responsibility of retarding or denying Cuban reform. The discontent in Cuba obliges the Government to send 10,000 more men, in addition to the 4500 previously dispatched.

None But Ho!

A joking operator startled Chicago, some days ago, by a dispatch announcing the death of President Hayes and it was hard to persuade some people that the news was unture. Says the *Times:* At a late hour of night an excited ciitzen came puffing up stairs to the top of the *Times* building, anxious to know if Hayes was dead. He was informed that a speech that Mr. Hayes was delivering was then being received over the wires. He was skeptical, and suggested that Hayes might be dead and some one else making the speech for him. He was shown the last section of the Presidential address, containing this sentence: "Whatever may be forgotten, we shall never forget to remember that we must never forget that the happiness of this country depends upon the men who raise its pumpkins and the women who make its pies." The excited citizen burst into tears of joy. "Hayes lives," he exclaimed. "None but he could have constructed that sentence," and he slid down the banisters saying to himself, "Is Hayes dead? No; Hayes is not dead."

At the meeting of the Town Trustees last night an ordinance granting J. D. Stephens. J. D. Laugenour, and F. S. Freeman and their associates and assigns the right to lay down pipes in the streets of Woodland for the purpase of furnishing themselves with water, was denied. An ordinance was then presented to grant the same gentlemen the right to lay down pipes for their private use in any of the streets of Woodland, and also the right to lay pipes in streets in which J. W. Peek now has no pipes, for the purpose of selling water to others. This was also denied.

The announcement is made that the Tichborne claimant will be presented as a candidate from Nottingham in the next Parliamentary elections. This course is adopted on the advice of Dr. Kenealy, who assumes to believe that Castro, in the event of his success, would have the right to step from his prison to the halls of St. Stephens. Precedent forbids the adoption of this theory. Wilkes and other agitators, while imprisoned, were not permitted to take their seat in Parliament, and there is no reason why an exception should made in favor of a man convicted of perjury and serving out a term of imprisonment therefor. The claimant was mainly instrumental in procuring the election of Dr. Kenealy to the House of Commons, and in the present instance there is reason to beleive that the Docter desires to make similar use of his whilom client. In the natural course of event the Parliamentary elections cannot be much longer deferred. Kenealy's stock in trade is symphathy for the Tichborne claimant. To arouse this dormant feeling is now probably his object, and not the election of his convict tool.—[Chronicle.

The Los Angeles *Herald* chronicles the death, at his farm in that county, of the Hon. Wm. L. Marshall, for many years Probate Judge of Baltimore and, since 1870, a resident of Los Angeles, where he at first practised law. For the last four or five years he lived upon his farm, near Pomona. He was in his 75th year. Judge Marshall was a nephew of the famous Chief Justice of that name and cousin of the great soldier, General Robert E. Lee. He was honored by all who knew him, and his death is profoundly mourned.

The total returns of the State election are now at the Secetary of State's office and the official footing shows: Perkins, 67,695: Glenn, 48,695; White, 44,484; Clark, 119. Myrick is the only Republican elected to the Supreme Bench.

The yellow fever still continues at Memphis and an average of ten cases a day is reported.

GEO. W. GREENE,

—Dealer in—

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

College Block, Main St., Woodland.

T. M. PRIOR,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER

Importer from the East.

Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.

Two doors west of Express Office,

Main Street, Woodland.

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DRESSMAKING!

MRS. JOHN WEBBER,

The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,

GIVE HER A CALL.

F. E. BAKER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Practices in District and Supreme Courts Office in Excelsior Block, WOODLAND, CAL.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRAND OPENING!

—AT THE—

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS'

STORE.

—OF—

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

OPENING DAY,

Monday, Oct. 20th.

On which occasion we will place before the public the largest and finest lot of Dry Goods and Clothing ever brought to Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY.

SCHOOL ELECTION NOTICE!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THERE will be an election of the legal voters of **Pine Grove** School District, in Yolo County, California, on the **25th day of October,** A. D. 1879, at the School House in said district, for the purpose of voting a tax on the property of and in said district, whereby to raise the sum of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS for the purpose of finishing the School House and for the purpose of paying the indebtedness now existing on said School House. Polls open from one hour after sunrise until sundown.

Signed:
L. F. CANTERBURY,
J. D. GREGORY,
A. J. PIPKIN.
Trustees of Pine Grove School District.

Dated this 7th day of October, 1879.

C. B. CULVER,

Dealer in

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

CROCKERY, TOBACCO, Etc., Etc.

EXCELSIOR BLOCK, Main, St., Woodland.

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CASTOR OIL FOR MACHINERY,
Winter Bleached Lard Oil,
RAW and BOILED LINSEED OIL,
BEST SAFETY KEROSENE,
Atlantic White Lead, Sulphur,
Blue Stone and Washing Soda
JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
AT LOWEST MARKET RATES, BY
WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,
MAIN STREET, ... WOODLAND, CAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY of Yolo, State of California.

WALTER E. MARTIN vs. HIS CREDITORS.

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of said insolvent WALTER E. MARTIN, to be and appear before the said Judge, in open Court at the Court room of said Court, at Woodland, in the County of Yolo, on the

18th day of October, A. D. 1879,

at one o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 11th day of September, 1879. D. M. BURNS, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By JAS. C. HARLAN, Dep'y Clerk.
C. H. Garoutte, Atty. for Petitioner. sel3-td

PENDEGAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

I MEAN WHAT I SAY.

Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

THE SEWING MACHINE

OF TO-DAY.

"DOMESTIC" THE LIGHT RUNNING

The Most Efficient and nduring of

SEWING MACHINES.

It saves muscle, health, time and temper. Does the widest range of work with the least adjusting, least noise and least effort.

LADIES USE THE

DOMESTIC PAPER FAHIONS

They are unsurpassed in STYLE and peafect in FIT.

Send stamp for catalogue. Good Agents wanted in every town.

Address, J. W. EVANS,
29 Post Street, San Francisco.
Mechanic's Institute Building.

Subscribe for the STANDARD, the best and CHEAPEST newspaper published in Yolo county—$2 per year.

WOODLAND STANDARD,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST,

Eight Pages

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

PUBLISHED AT

WOODLAND,

Yolo County Cal,

—BY—

D. L. HACKETT, EDITOR and PROP'R.

THE STANDARD

Job Office

IS WELL SUPPLIED WITH A

LARGE ASSORTMENT

—OF—

PLAIN AND

Ornamental

JOB TYPE

—FOR PRINTING—

BILL HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
STATEMENTS,
VISITING CARDS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
PROGRAMMES, Etc., Etc.

☞ All discriptions of Job Work at San Francisco prices.

EXCELSIOR BLOCK.....Main St. Woodland

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One Year—in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

School Books, both College and Public School, at St. Louis' Variety Store. *

Judge Bush has been holding Court in Sacramento this week for Judge Clark, who is unwell.

Where is the consistency in being a warm supporter of the new Constitution and also a believer in granting exclusive privileges?

The Town Trustees have ordered five hundred feet of new hose for the use of the Engine Co. This is something that has long been needed.

The store of Charmak & Levy is packed full of the finest goods yet brought to Woodland. They have set Monday next, Oct. 20th, as opening day, and invite everybody to give them a call.

Grant is to be in Sacramento on Wednesday next, Oct. 22d. There is to be a grand reception, and excursion trains will be run from all surrounding towns. The fare from Woodland will be $1.50 for the round trip.

For School Books and Stationery, go to Greene's. *

BURGLARY.—On Wednesday night, A. Griffith's store at Cacheville was entered by burglars who effected an entrance by cutting a hole in the wall and reaching through and removing the window fastenings. A safe was cut open and $300 in coin extracted therefrom. Over $100 worth of stamps were also stolen—the Postoffice being in his building. The mail bags were cut open and the letters taken. This is the third time this store has been entered within the past few years.

All lovers of good Tobacco, go to Elston's.

Convention Notes.

The Woodland Chorus now numbers 70 members. On Tuesday evening next admission tickets will be distributed and thereafter no visitors will be allowed, and no new singers will be taken in.

We are requested to state that visitors are not wanted at the meetings of the Orchestra.

Madison chorus has elected the following officers: Director, S. Holton; Accompanist, Mrs. Dr. Fifield; Treasurer, Henry Gill; Secretary Miss B. J. Cole. This Society numbers 12 members.

The Teacher's Institute will commence Dec. 2, and the Convention will be held on Thursday and Friday. Dec. 4th and 5th.

The Convention will likely be held in Washington Hall, and the cannons which are to be fired by electricity will be placed in the lot at the rear of the building. As they can be fired in exact time a splendid effect will be produced.

The *Mail* and *Democrat* have made a mistake by printing Prof. Van Slyke's name as Van Shyke. Van Slyke is proper.

On last Tuesday evening there were several members of outside Societies present at the meeting of the Woodland Chorous. We are requested to state that they are always welcome.

It already apparent that several hundred strangers will be present in Woodland at the Convention and Teachers' Institute.

Board of Supervisors.

Oct. 13th, 1879. Board met—All members present.

In accordance with the law in the premises B. F. Hester was duly declared President of the Board for one year from date.

Miner road accepted upon condition that said Miner shall grade up the said road again next Spring.

Ordered that the sum of $800 be allowed Mr. Schantz for damages instead of $600 formerly allowed for road running through his land.

Oct. 14th. Warrant ordered to be drawn in favor of N. Grayson for the sum of $30.75 for repairs on road scraper.

Order that the County Surveyor be sent to establish line on certain disputed line of road No. 148.

Ordered that DePue & Co., be allowed the sum of $200 on General fund for taking a lithographic sketch of the Court House to be used in the Illustrated History of Yolo County.

The Contract for furnishing County Hospital Supplies was awarded to Porter & Co., at $97.75, they being the lowest bidders.

On petition of Ben Peart and others, it was ordered that the Roadmaster be instructed to grade county road from Coil's place to bridge on Cache Creek.

In the matter of Road No. 145 the prayer of the petitioners was granted and damages placed as follows: To Mrs. Roelfson, $123; Hunt, $200 (coin.) Warrant ordered to be drawn in favor of Roadmaster C. Covell in the sum of $347.31 to be tendered said Hunt and Ruelofson as damages.

Petition received and filed from C. V. Burke and others praying for a road No. 151. L. P. Everett, J. M. Pockman and R. M. Aucker appointed viewers.

Board adjourned until the 25th.

Try the Drawing Room Smoking Tobacco and the Fountain fine cut at Elston's.

This is for You

Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to J. W. EVANS,
"Domestic" Fashion Parlors, San Francisco.

MARRIED.

In Woodland, Oct 14th 1870, by Rev. E. M. Stuart. Mr. Mervin P. Buffum and Miss Wealthy Marston.

THE WATER QUESTION.

Last week we mentioned the fact that the Town of Woodland though its Board of Trustees, had granted to J. W. Peek and his heirs and assigns the exclusive privilege of supplying the town with water, and also stated that we did not believe the act to be a legal one. For the past week this ordinance has been the leading topic of conversation on our streets and opinions have been freely expressed pro and con. At first the majority of our citizens seemed to be strongly in favor of the course adopted by the Board, but upon mature reflection we believe they will see the matter in a different light. The Town of Woodland, as a corporation, should have nothing to do with the wars and wranglings of business men—they should be left to fight their own battles. It is the duty of the Board of Trustees to see that no ordinances are passed but those that confer the greatest good on the greatest number, and justice, though tempered with mercy, should not be supplanted by sympathy. All good citizens would like to see Mr. Peek well and abundantly paid for the money and labor he has expended in supplying our town with water, but we hold that this "exclusive privilege" could not rightfully be granted him even had he expended ten times the amount of his present investment, and received but half the amount of his past receipts. An exclusive privilege is something that should not be granted to any person on any occasion—no matter what the surrounding circumstances. If it is right and just to give Mr. Peek such a privilege for ten years, it is for twenty five years, and if an exclusive privilege can be granted to him for supplying the town with water, a like privilege can be granted the Gas Company for supplying the town with gas. We should object to such a movement as this last mentioned as strenuously as we object to this water ordinance. We look upon all such movements as a bartering away of one of the dearest right of the people, and shall always enter our protest against any such measures.

Winters Items.

The Hutchinson Family's Concert at the Methodist Church last week drew a good house.

Rev. H. C. Culton is around again after an acute attack of bilious fever.

Rev. Mr. Duke, of the Methodist Church was absent in Sacramento last week, attending Conference, so that church was without a pastor on Sunday last. We are glad to learn that Mr. Duke will remain with us another year.

The grocery store of M. C. Palmer has changed hands, and is now kept by Jno. R. Shaw.

The Parker House has also changed hands—Mr. Layton being the proprietor. This hotel for good fare and moderate charges, cannot be surpassed in California.

Messrs. Hickey & Wilson have succeeded John Dickerson in the saloon next to the butchershop.

Wm. Baker, after a month's sickness, is again upon our streets. He shows the effects of his illness, but it is to be hoped that he will soon return to his accustomed good health.

On Friday evening, Oct 24th, the young men of Winters propose giving a grand ball at Sackett's Hall. The music will be furnished by Marvin's String Band, and as our young people always have an enjoyable time at these parties, a large number will be sure to attend. S.

ED. STANDARD:—Mr. Peek in his communication to the *Democrat* endeavors to create public opinion in his favor, and against others by alluding to the fact that there has been no offer from the Gas Co., to furnish to the Town gas free of cost. We can say, that if the profits of the Gas Co. were equal to those expected by the new water company at rates greatly reduced from those prevailing, the Gas Co. would be happy to supply the town free. The attempt to manufacture public opinion against the parties who offer to furnish an adequate supply of water at ⅔ of the present rate is more amusing than instructive, and is a sorry justification for the late monopoly ordinance.

If the people of Woodland wish to pay Mr. Peek his present or twice his present rates, it is their business, and I hope their philanthropy will outlive the day. We have no quarrel with those who wish to pay him one-third more than necessary, nor do we ask the *exclusive* right to make those people buy of us at even reduced rates. We do claim the right to lay pipes in the streets for the purpose of furnishing ourselves either jointly or severally, or others, on streets beyond the range of Mr. Peek's pipes, with water at a cost very much less than at present charged. Of the justice of this claim there can be no dispute.

As to the vaporizing of the individual who in the *Democrat* rants about fine mansions and horses, and who presumes to direct men how to employ their money, I treat it with the contempt it deserves.

Truly it is a lame cause that can find no more sensible argument. In conclusion I would state, that I never saw the communication alluded to by Mr. Peek, until it appeared in print. J. D. STEPHENS.

Ordinance No. 25.

ED. STANDARD:—I believe the Town Trustees to be sensible and honest men. I think nevertheless, that they committed a deplorable blunder in passing Ordinance number 25.

The title, preamble, and first Section of that instrument, are in the words following:

"ORDINANCE NO. 25.

To procure a supply of water for use in cases of fire and for other purposes.

WHEREAS, the present supply of water in the Town of Woodland is insufficient for the needs of the Town in cases of fire or other great necessity, as well as insufficient for the ordinary use of the citizens; and whereas the necessity for an increased supply of water for such purposes is urgent, and whereas, J. W. Peek, the proprietor of the present water works in said town, has signified his willingness to provide a sufficient supply of water for such purposes, and to furnish all water required in cases of fire, free of charge, in consideration of the grant hereinafter contained: now therefore, be it ordained by the Board of Trustees of the Town of Woodland:

SEC. 1. There is hereby granted to J. W. Peek, his associates and assigns, the exclusive right for the period of ten years from and after the date of the adoption of this ordinance, to lay down and maintain main and branch pipes for the purpose of supplying said town and its inhabitants with pure, fresh water, in any and all the streets and alleys in said town in which there are at present main or branch pipes from the water works of said Peek, or which are at present supplied with water from said water works, and also the right, but not exclusive, to lay down and maintain main and branch pipes for said purpose in any and all the streets and alleys in said town not at present supplied with water from said water works."

The preamble attempts to assign reasons for the enactments which follow. It tells that there is an urgent necessity for a more abundant supply of water for both public and private uses. Peek owns and has owned the water works. He has hitherto *failed* and is *now failing* to supply the requisite amount of water. We are not told that his failure has been in the least owing to competition, and yet, strange to say, we are told that we must depend upon him, his associates and assigns for the next ten years.

The Declaration of Independence affirms that "all men are endowed by their Creator with certain *inalienable* rights."

ART. I Section 1, of the old Constitution reads, "All men are by nature free and independent, and have certain *inalienable rights*, among which are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty; *acquiring, possessing and protecting property* and pursuing and obtaining safety and happiness." An "inalienable" right is one which no government can rightfully take away or abridge. Such is the right of, *acquiring" posessing and protecting property."* Nearly all the property which any person owns has been acquired by purchase. Every man has a right so buy where he can buy cheapest, and that right is *inaleinable*. To affirm that the Town Trustees can dictate to any man from whom he shall buy water is simply monstrous. As well may they tell him from whom he must buy bread, flour, or anything else. Ordinance 25 is, therefore in plain conflict with the existing Constitution of the State of California.

At the hour of 12 o'clock Meridian of the 1st day of January 1880 the new Constitution will be the supreme law of the State and all laws in conflict with it will stand repealed. Article I Section 21 of that Constitution is in the words following:

"No special privileges or immunities shall ever be granted which may not be altered, revoked, or repealed by the Legislature, nor shall any citizen or class of citizens, be granted privileges or immunities which, upon the same terms shall not be granted to *all* citizens."

Ordinance 25 is in manifest conflict with the foregoing, and was, I have no doubt, intended as an evesion of it. But it cannot succeed as such. No honest and intelligent court would, for a moment tolerate the idea of maintaining the *exclusive* right of Mr. Peek. What objection, i mayt be asked, is there to Ordinance 25, since practically, it amounts to so little. The answer is that it is founded on a tyrannical and corrupt principle and is vicious as a precedent.

"*Exclusive* right," are the terrible words of the Ordinance. All the tyrannies with which the world has been cursed have been profuse in claims of *exclusive* rights." "*Exclusive* rights" are advocated by tyrants. The doctrine of *equal* rights is the doctrine of liberty.

Nearly all the corrupt legislation of the country has consisted in laws which granted "*exclusive* rights." How often do legislators themselves have a pecuniary interest in schemes authorized by their legislation? Ordinance 25 mentions Peek, "associates and assigns." What a scope for corrupt bargaining do those words "associates and assigns" afford.

I have suggested only a few of the many grave objections that may be mae d to the action of the Trustees.

JAMES JOHNSON.

FROM GEORGIA.

ATHENS, Ga., Oct. 4th, 1879.

EDITOR STANDARD:—Most of your readers are acquainted with the history of the Irish Sergeant Jasper of Revolutionary fame, who lost his life in defense of American freedom at the siege of Savannah in 1779. On the 9th of this month one hundred years ago the Irish hero laid down his life a willing sacrifice to the cause of freedom and on the Centennial anniversary of his death Savannah proposes to lay the corner stone of an imposing monument as a fit memento of his life and services. It is estimated that fully 50,000 people, from different portions of the Union will be in the "City by the Sea" on that day, including thirty military companies. This in connection with the military companies of Savannah itself will make it one of the grandest military displays seen in the South since the days of 1861. Besides the military, the attractions of the day will consist in the laying of the corner stone of the Jasper Monument, the presence of distinguished visitors, including the Governors of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, orations by U. S. Senator B. H. Hill and John B. Gordon and Representative Alexander H. Stephens. A grand review of all the military at Forsyth Park, (the principal park in the city) by the Governor; a brilliant display of fireworks and a rifle contest, and regatta at the Isle of Hope, a summer resort just a few miles east of the city. It will be a day that will long be remembered not only in the history of Savannah, but in that of the State of Georgia as well. The story of Sergeant Jasper's heroism is well known and it is fitting that the State of Georgia particularly, on whose soil he poured out his life blood, should do honor to his memory.

From the tenor of the Republicans of the North it would seem that the exodus movement is to be renewed and under more favorable auspices than governed it last season. These stalwart journals assume or rather make the mistake of assuming that the desire of a certain portion of the negro race to emigrate from the South is based upon some special wrong of which he, (the negro) alone is the victim. For a decade of years there has been a regular stream of white emigration from the Southern States towards Texas. Have these emigrants been imposed upon by the laws of this or any other Southern State? Have any of their political rights been taken away from them? Have the large land owners of the different Southern States crowded them out? Not one of these questions has been asked by any of the Stalwart editors, nor has any large hearted Northern philanthropist busied himself in getting at the truth of the matter. And yet to a person at a distance, and an observer, it looks as if some special imposition, social or legislative must be moving these people. The homes they leave behind them are comfortable, the lands fertil and the accomodations of life here are good, at least as much so as they will find in Texas. Why then should these Southern whites leave the land of their birth, the roof tree under which they were born to seek new homes and, new ties in a Southwestern State. Candidly no one can answer these questions. They are unanswerable and before the stalwart journals waste any more time trying to make the negro exodus question a rational one they will please explain why it is that so many emigrants are leaving the older States for the comparitively new ones.

The New York *Times*, *Tribune* and other leading Republican Journals of the Metropolis of the nation are just now engaged in the task of persuading the liberal minded men who have abandoned the Republican party to return in order to revive the rule of Stalwartism—that is, Thad Stevens organized hell—in the South. Of course these journals are all powerful, as the bull-dozing of acting President R. B. Hayes shows. Every murder committed in the South, every squabble even, these journals seize upon and make tremendous use of, notwithstanding the fact that for every murder committed here, there are ten more hideous perpetrated East and West. The object of all this lying is patent. It is to keep alive sectional hate. To array the North and the South against each other, to keep the Democratic party out of power thereby preventing an examination of public affairs, to further consolidate the Government, to corrupt the people at large and if possible to reconstruct the Southern States. With such facts staring them in the face, it is to be hoped that dissension in the Democratic party will cease, and in 1880 some man will be nominated by the Democracy, who will be a pledge of peace and prosperity, and as events now stand the people of Georgia believe Thurman of Ohio to be that man, more so than any other. O'F.

Great Bargains

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-!

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.

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COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,..... 3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll cempromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior do anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

Take the STANDARD and be happy.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS FAvorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public

FIRST CLASS BOARD,

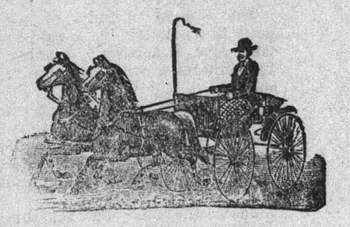
Large and Well Furnished Rooms

By the Day or Week.

THE TABLE

Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market Affords.

CITY LIVERY STABLE.



SMITH & WHITE, Proprietors.

HAVING taken charge of the Stable formerly known as Beamer's Livery Stable, I am prepared to furnish

STYLISH TURNOUTS

At Low prices. HORSES BOARDED by the day, week, or month, and given the best of care.
A share of the public patronage solicited. ag16

SMITH & WHITE.

I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED!

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

JUAN MARIA OTAGO. THOS. MC LEOD

OTAGO & MC'LEOD.

Main Street, Winters.

BLACKSMITHING

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

MILLINERY.

MRS. FITZGERALD.

FASHIONABLE MILLINRY STORE.

COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.

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THE WOODLAND STANDARD.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor.

The Flown Bird.

A JAPANESE SONG.

The maple leaves are whirled away,
The depths of the great pines are stirred;
Night settles on the sullen day,
As in its nest the mountain bird.
My wandering feet go up and down,
And back and forth, from town to town,
Through the lone woods, and by the sea,
To find the bird that fled from me;
I followed, and I follow ye—
I have forgotten to forget!

My heart goes back, but I go on,
Through summer heat and winter snow;
Poor heart! we are no longer one,
We are divided by our woe!
Go to the nest I built, and call,—
She may be hiding after all—
The empty nest, if that remains,
And leave me in the long, long rains;
My sleeves with tears are always wet—
I have forgotten to forget!

Men know my story, but not me,—
For such fidelity, they say,
Exists not—such a man as he
Exists not in the world to-day!
If his light bird has flown the nest,
She is no worse than all the rest:
Constant they are not—only good
To bill and coo, and hatch the brood;
He has but one thing to regret—
He has forgotten to forget!

All day I see the ravens fly,
I hear the sea birds scream all night;
The moon goes up and down the sky,
And the sun comes in ghostly light;
Leaves whirl, white flakes about me blow—
Are they spring blossoms, or the snow?
Only my hair! Good-by, my heart,
The time has come for us to part;
Be still! you will be happy yet—
For death remembers to forget.

A Wily Panther.

The leopard of India, or more properly the panther, is a cold-blooded, vindictive, treacherous, cunning brute. In comparison with him the tiger is amiable.

Some twenty years ago, a certain district in Central India was so demoralized by the ravages of a man-eating panther, that the Government raised the reward for his head from ten rupees to one hundred.

The authorities saw that this man-eater must be killed, or the district over which he ranged, about seventy-five miles in circumference, would become deserted. From one village he had carried off no less than forty people in three years.

No one knew where he might be found; one night a man was found dead, with the four deep holes in his throat—the man-eater's mark. The same night the bodies of two other men, living respectively ten or fifteen miles from the first victim, were discovered with the fatal mark.

He would kill for killing's sake, for his victims would often be found untouched except in the throat, where the fatal mark told of the dreaded man-eater. He would carry off children in broad daylight.

Yet he was so cautious that even when he had seized his prey the slightest noise would make him drop it and seek safety in flight. So demoralized were the bravest of the native hunters that they refused to go after him.

Wild pigs and deer ravaged the growing crops by night, for no one dared to watch in the fields. Even the sleeper in his cot in the midst of a village had been struck dead by the beast.

One poor man, who looked to his growing crops to pay some money he had borrowed, had watched for several nights his fields. All had gone well until one morning at daybreak he came into the hut and laid down by the fire to sleep.

Suddenly his watchful wife heard a rustling in the bushes near the house. She awoke her husband, only to be laughed at as a foolish woman frightened at the wind stirring the leaves. He turned over and went to sleep again.

The anxious woman watched. Half an hour passed, when the dreaded panther burst into the hut, seizing the sleeping husband by the throat. She sprang to his aid, shrieking loudly.

The panther dropped his victim, sprang into the bushes and disappeared. Her husband was dead.

A government laborer, a brave young man, passing through one of the villages in the man-eater's range, stayed all night.

At dusk every one retired within doors, and a watch was set at each hut.

The young man laughing at their fears, refused to retire from the verandah of the head man's house.

"Why! I could slice the panther," he said, "in two with my sword as easily as I could a lemon. Besides, it is too hot to go into the house."

The inmates heard him moving about and smoking his pipe until midnight. At two in the morning they heard him shriek.

Rushing out they found him dead. The four marks in his throat told that the panther had stealthily waited his time.

English sportsmen tried in vain to kill this dreaded man-eater. Goats and ponies were tied out night after night as baits, while, hidden near by, the hunters waited. But in vain.

The dead body of a man was placed near one of his haunts. But the suspicious brute always made sure by the deep breathing of his victim that he was alone and sound asleep before he made the fatal spring.

The figure of a man was made and laid in a bed under a tree. About it cooking utensils were scattered, as though a traveler had encamped for the night. A goat, muzzled to prevent its bleating, was placed near by in a box, so that its breathing might lead the panther to suppose that the figure was a sleeping man.

In the branches of a neighboring tree was built a platform, on which, carefully concealed by branches, several Englishmen watched all night. No panther appeared.

The natives shook their heads and said the panther was an evil spirit who had taken that form in order to wreak vengeance upon men.

But at last the dreaded monster's time came, and that, too, in a singular way.

There was a native loafer, named Kurria, who would hunt pigs and deer, but was too lazy to till the ground.

He owned an old matchlock—a gun which rests on a prong, and is fired by a piece of lighted tow—and with that he managed to get a living.

Kurria, frightened by the man-eater, had not for several weeks done much hunting. But one night when there was no food in his house, he went forth, driven by hunger, to see if he could get a pig.

After some hours' weary watching, finding that neither pig nor deer was likely to come near his matchlock that night, he started for home.

As he passed some brushwood he saw a dark object moving in it.

Thinking it was a pig he knelt down, rested his matchlock, and fired at the black shadow.

A savage roar terrified him. The bubbling growl was unheeded, which, if he had been less frightened, would have told him that the beast was mortally wounded.

Fleeing as fast as his legs could carry him, he flung himself into his hut.

There he was scolded by his wife for cowardice. If it was a pig, they would have meat. If it should prove a tiger or a panther, then they would receive the reward.

Early in the morning, the brave woman led a dozen of the villagers, armed with spears and axes, in quest of her husband's game.

When they approached the brushwood, not a soul would enter it. At last a boy, herding some buffaloes, volunteered to drive his animals through the copse.

Suddenly the leader gave an angry grunt, and followed by the rest of the herd, dashed through the thicket.

"Here he is!" shouted the boy. "Here is the panther, dead."

The villagers rushed forward, and sure enough, there lay a large panther, shot through the heart.

"Brothers, this is the man-eater!" exclaimed an old man, pointing with skinny finger and outstretched eyeballs. "See, there is the mark of the axe on his head where the Lodhee man struck him. There is the toe on the left foot gone, where the Seonee hunter hit him with a knife when he rushed up the tree after him."

So it proved. The dreaded beast, who had defied the best hunters of the province, had been killed by the chance shot of a loafing pig-hunter.

The lazy Kurria received the reward of one hundred rupees. His wife wore silver bangles, and he was pointed at as the man who killed the forest foe of Kahani.—*Companion.*

A Queer Grave.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, who has been investigating the "Ups and Downs in Leadville" in the interest of *Scribner*, contributes the result of his labors to the October number of that magazine. Among the numerous anecdotes which he records is the following (the mine referred to in the first being the Dead Man Claim):

It was winter. Scotty had died, and the boys, wanting to give him a right smart of a burial, hired a man for twenty dollars to dig a grave through ten feet of snow and six feet of hard ground. Meanwhile, Scotty was stuffed into a snow bank. Nothing was heard of the grave-digger for three days, and the boys, going out to see what had happened to him, found him in a hole which begun as a grave, proved to be a sixty-ounce mine. The *quasi* sexton refused to yield, and was not hard pushed, for Scotty was forgotten and laid in the snow-bank till the April sun searched him out, the boys meanwhile sinking prospect-holes in his intended cemetery.

One mine had its shaft down 135 feet and the indications of success were good. Some capitalists proposed to purchase an interest in it, and a half of the mine was offered them for $10,000, if taken before five o'clock. At half-past four rich silver ore was struck, and when at half-past five the tardy men of money came leisurely up and signified their consent to the bargain, the manager pointed to the clock and quietly remarked:

"The price of a half interest in this mine now, gentlemen, is sixty thousand dollars."

Mr. Ingersoll's interesting paper is accompanied by drawings by Mr. J. H. Mills and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, who is now a resident of Leadville, where her husband pursues his profession of civil engineer.

A MAN OF IMPORTANCE.—Two boys, each employed in a different office on Griswold steeet, were yesterday licking a lot of one-cent stamps on a pile of circulars at the Postoffice, when one of them asked:

"Has your boss got back from his summer trip yet?"

"Yes; has your'n?"

"Yes. Has anybody been around to the office to welcome your boss home?"

"No; he's been home three days and hasn't had a caller."

"Well, I guess he's kind o' second class," continued the other as he whacked on a stamp. "Over twenty folks were waiting in the office when my boss got home, and they said if he didn't straighten up them accounts they'd make him trouble right along! He hadn't hardly landed at the depot before most everybody knew he was home."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"It is the business of a newspaper to let people's business alone, unless the public weal is involved. There is too much mud-throwing between newspapers these days. Personal journalism is the curse of the editorial profession. An editor has no business cumbering his columns and cheating his readers with his private quarrels with other editors. Private character is entitled to respect. An honorable man will respect it, nor will he always be on the alert to drag before the public the shortcomings of his neighbors or even of his enemies."—*Central Baptist.*

The Horrors of Siberian Exile.

Of the treatment of political exiles in Siberia, I have before me a thrilling description from the pen of Mr. Robert Lemke, a German writer, who has visited the various penal establishments of Russia with an official legitimation. He had been to Tobolsk; after which he had to make a long, weary journey in a wretched car, until a high mountain rose up before him. In its torn and craggy flank the mountain showed a colossal opening, similar to the mouth of a burnt-out crater. Fetid vapors, which almost took away his breath, ascended from it.

Pressing his handkerchief upon his lips, Mr. Lemke entered the opening of the rock, where he found a large watch-house, with a picket of Cossacks. Having shown his papers he was conducted by a guide through a long, very dark and narrow corridor, which, judging from its sloping descent, led down into some unknown depth. In spite of his good fur, the visitor felt extremely cold. After a walk of some ten minutes through the dense obscurity, the ground becoming more and more soft, a vague shimmer of light became observable. "We are in the mine!" said the guide, pointing with a significant gesture to the iron cross-bars which closed the cavern before them.

The massive bars were covered with a thick rust. A watchman appeared, who unlocked the heavy iron gate. Entering a room of considerable extent, but which was scarcely a man's height, and which was dimly lit by an oil-lamp, the visitor asked: "Where are we?" "In the sleeping-room of the condemned! Formerly it was the productive gallery of the mine; now it serves as a shelter."

The visitor shuddered. This subterranean sepulcher, lit by neither sun nor moon, was called a sleeping-room. Alcove-like cells were hewn into the rock; here, on a couch of damp, half-rotten straw, covered with a sackcloth, the unfortunate sufferers were to repose from the day's work. Over each cell a cramp-iron was fixed, wherewith to lock up the prisoners like ferocious dogs. No door, no window anywhere.

Conducted through another passage, where few lanterns were placed, and whose end was also barred by an iron gate, Mr. Lemke came to a large vault, partly lit. This was the mine. A deafening noise of pickaxes and hammers. There he saw hundreds of wretched figures, with shaggy beards, sickly faces, reddened eyelids; clad in tatters, some of them barefoot, others in sandals, fettered with heavy foot-chains. No song, no whistling. Now and then they shyly looked at the visitor and his companion. The water dripped from the stones; the convicts were thoroughly wet. One of them, a tall man with suffering mein, labored hard with gasping breath, but the strokes of his pickaxe were not heavy and firm enough to loosen the rock.

"Why are you here?" Mr. Lemke asked.

The convict looked confused, with an air almost of consternation, and silently continued his work.

"It is forbidden to the prisoners," said the inspector, "to speak of the cause of their banishment!"

Entombed alive; forbidden to say why!

"But who is the convict?" Mr. Lemke asked the guide, with low voice.

"It is Number 114," the guide replied laconically.

"This I see," answered the visitor; "but what are the man's antecedents? To what family does he belong?"

"He is a count," replied the guide; "a well-known conspirator. More, I regret to say, I cannot tell you about Number 114!"

The visitor felt as if he were stifled in the gravelike atmosphere—as if his chest were pressed by a demoniacal nightmare. He hastily asked his guide to return with him to the upper world. Meeting there the commander of the military establishment, he was obligingly asked by that officer:

"Well, what impression did our penal establishment make upon you?"

Mr. Lemke stiffly bowed in silence. The officer seemed to take this as a kind of satisfied assent, and went on:

"Very industrious people, the men below; are they not?"

"But with what feelings," Mr. Lemke answered, "must these unfortunates look forward to a day of rest after a week of toil!"

"Rest!" said the officer; "convicts must always labor. There is no rest for them. They are condemned to perpetual forced labor; and he who once enters the mine never leaves it!"

"But this is barbarous!"

The officer shrugged his shoulders, and said: "The exile works daily for twelve hours; on Sundays, too. They must never rest. But, no; I am mistaken. Twice a year, though, rest is permitted them—at Easter time and on the birthday of His Majesty, the Emperor."—KARL BLIND, in the *Contemporary Review.*

Mr. Bret Harte's failure to attend the famous "Chicago Dinner" is thus explained by the Cleveland *Leader*: "The real reason was that his wife was not invited. He was at first given to understand that the entertainment was for gentlemen only. He subsequently learned that the ladies were also to be present, and as the committee of invitation knew his wife to be present in the city with him and slighted her, the poet-editor of the *Overland Monthly* sent his regrets and dined quietly at his hotel. The point has since been to agree as to where the ill manners were placed in that particular case. Chicago professes not to understand to this day why Mr. Harte would not eat its literary dinner.—*Interior.*

A young man about to enter college asked a student to tell him some complimentary phrase in Latin that he could repeat to the professor when he should be introduced. The friend complied. On meeting the professor he said: "Amen! *Ego sum stultus.*" The professor merely opened his eyes a trifle wider and said gravely: "Yes, sir; I am well aware of the fact."—[Christian at Work.

Nakotin the Nihilist.

The Russian State Court of Justice at Kieff has just convicted a young man calling himself Nakotin, to life-long transportation to Siberia for high treason. This young man had, up to his conviction, led a most varied life. A few years ago he was at Berlin, pretending to be studying medicine, going under the name of Nakotin. A year later he was known as Lilienfeld. There is good reason for believing that both of these titles were only *noms de guerre*, his real name being much more aristocratic and not at all like those of the nihilist class. According to the opinions of Russian judges and the police he was one of the greatest and most dangerous of the conspirators in high places, having been the agent of the Russian socialists in Germany, and as such his duty was to spread the views of the Russian socialists among the Russian students in Germany. He distributed pamphlets of this tendency among them, founded clubs and societies, and principally sought to win over for his purposes the poorer classes of his countrymen. He had therefore hired a whole floor, where he often lodged ten or twelve at a time gratis, giving them money then to return to their homes. Vera Sassulitch has also been lodged by Nakotin in Berlin. Her flight from St. Petersburg having been veiled in mystery, it may be mentioned here that she was brought by ship to Memel, where Nakotin waited for her, taking her, via Berlin and Munich, to Geneva in safety. She stayed at that time two days in Berlin, and must have suffered fearfully, for it can scarcely be imagined how sorrow and trouble had left their mark on her. It was, indeed, melancholy to see her fallen and colorless cheeks, her melancholy, reddish eyes, so weakened, frightened and pleading. Now and then her body greatly thinned from grief, was mysteriously shaken as if from internal fever.

In the summer of last year, feeling himself no longer safe in Berlin, he went to London and married there shortly afterward the daughter of a German innkeeper in Kensington, a girl quite as beautiful as she was heartless. Only a few months after his marriage Nakotin felt exceedingly unhappy, but in spite of the entreaties of his friends and the consent of his wife he would not agree to petition for a divorce. It is, of course, a very strange occurrence, to which attention may be called, that this enthusiastic Anarchist, who by his words and letters characterized the institution of matrimony "as a chain drawn clattering by us, through our lives," could not be induced by any means to give his wife back the liberty she pleaded for, she neither loving nor pleasing him. This later on was the cause of his fate, as will be confirmed by a letter from a professor of the University of Kieff, running thus:

"It is much to be regretted, but it is indeed so. The condemnation of Nakotin has really nothing at all to do with the great nihilist doings at Kieff, so much celebrated. He was, as the President of the Court was forced expressly to state, drawn into it from the peculiarity of the case. Nakotin since last February—namely, since his arrival from England, was introduced as a medical practitioner into the highest circles of the town. Nobody would have thought that this clever young physician was the once feared nihilist, Nakotin. He could have lived here, therefore, quite undisturbed and in peace had he not been married, for his wife began immediately after the first introductions to form such scandalous intimacy with every one she fancied that they were the talk of the town, although Nakotin took no notice of them. Major L. Von R——ff was the principal favorite of this abandoned woman, who, to get rid of her husband for her new admirer, handed over to the Solicitor General a written denunciation on oath. In this communication she gave a full account of the previous life and doings of Nakotin, who was, in consequence of her base treachery, condemned for life and sentenced to Siberia." With this transportation the career of Nakotin is to be considered as closed for this world.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"The weird Alpine horn" is the instrument of torture that rouses the visitor at sunrise over in Switzerland. It is no more efficient as an awakener, however, than the voice of the landlady as she screeches from the foot of the stairs: "Ain't you gunter get up? Jes' clearin' off the breakfus table!"—[New Haven Register.

A FAIR DIVISION.—A Yankee who had just lost his wife was found by a neighbor emptying a bowl of soup as large as a hand-basin. "Why, my goodness, Elanthus!" said the gossip, "is that all you care for your wife?"

"Wal," said the Yankee, "I've been cryin' all the mornin', and after I finish my soup I'll cry another spell. That's fair, anyhow."

California Against the World.

It is only a few months since the first cake of *Phosphate Soap* was manufactured by the Standard Soap Co., of San Francisco. As the ingredients and combination were the result of the best chemical science in the world there was every reason to expect something far superior to any toilet soap ever made before, yet it was hardly expected that the medical profession would indorse *Phosphate Soap* for its remedial qualities as strongly as they have. It is well known that physicians of high standing are conservative and slow to indorse anything new until they are thoroughly convinced of its merits. But when an article is worthy of confidence they are willing to indorse it. The public no longer wait in doubt, because they know that the physician who has lived in their midst for years and earned a high reputation in his profession will not indorse an article unless he is well satisfied of its merits.

Such men as Dr. W. A. Douglass of San Francisco, and Dr. A. J. Spencer of San Jose, Cal., have grown venerable in the medical profession and are respected by all who know them. These well-known physicians, with many others, have tried *Phosphate Soap* both as a toilet article and as a remedy for skin diseases, and pronounce it superior to any other article of the kind.

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An Editor vs. a General.

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A good word for her last place. Young person, (applying for housemaid's place)—"A young lady who lived with you as cook, mum, told me as you was a very nice woman to get on with."

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An International Coinage.

The tide of specie now flowing toward this country is rolling in with a force and volume well calculated to drive the honest advocates of "soft money" fairly wild with indignation. Millions of dollars' worth of gold, in the shape of Spanish doubloons, French napoleons, and British sovereigns and bars, have been pouring in upon us during the last six weeks, and there is good promise of still larger amounts to come. One steamer, a few days ago, brought nearly five millions in specie; and there is a steady drain upon the stock of the money centers of Europe for export to this country. This enormous influx of gold comes hither in part payment of the vast quantities of breadstuffs and other products of American industry for which a market has been opened by the failure of crops and the general depression of business in Europe. Whatever, on general principles of economic science, may be thought of the advantages or disadvantages of such an exchange, it would seem to be, in the present condition of affairs, an excellent thing for this country that specie is finding its way here in so great quantities. The body politic has been seriously ill with the paper-money disorder, and the large doses of gold now being administered will aid in preventing a return of the malady, than which nothing, financially considered, could be more disastrous.

But this inflow of foreign gold suggests a topic of practical importance which has long attracted the attention of political economists, namely, the desirability of a uniform system of international coinage. A forcible illustration of the absurdity of the present system—or rather lack of system—may be seen almost any day at the United States Assay Office in this city, where vast quantities of coins, fresh from the mints of France and England, are poured into the melting-pot to be recoined into American money. This is a needless waste of time and means; but it cannot be avoided so long as these civilized nations, so closely connected in their commercial interests, are content to retain their separate national coinage.

This subject, we observe, was discussed at one of the meetings of the Social Science Association at Saratoga last week, in a paper on "International Coinage," by President Barnard, of Columbia College. President Barnard proposes that the standard shall be a metric gold coin, one gramme (15.434 grains tr y) in weight, which would assimilate nearest to the various coins now used in the United States, England, France and Germany. The value of the unit would be a small fraction less than six dimes, and the smallest international coin proposed would have a weight of ten grammes, equal to six dollars, less two cents.

This is perhaps as satisfactory a unit as could be devised. But the obstacles in the way of its adoption are very great. It would be especially difficult to persuade England, whose coinage, differing in the fineness as well as in the names and weights of the coins from the other great commercial nations, is almost a part of that inviolable instrument, the "British Constitution," to fall in with the proposed reform. But the serious inconveniences caused by the existing lack of uniformity must in time break through even the sturdy conservatism of John Bull, and lead him to yield in a matter which so nearly concerns his pocket—that most sensitive point in every trading nation. It would seem as if the period ought not to be far distant when the absurd spectacle of throwing new coin into the crucible merely to transform it into other coin of nearly the same value should be seen no more.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

An Incident of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

It is well perhaps to keep in mind the times that tried men's *soles*. The subject of our sketch was a soldier who fought under General Warren at the battle of Bunker Hill. It will be remembered that at the third charge of the British the Americans were forced to give way and retreat across Boston Neck. A prolonged dry spell had rendered the grass so slippery it was with some difficulty that the "rebels," in their hasty retreat down the opposite side of the hill, could keep right side up. Among the last to leave the hill was private H., full of fight and wearing a heavy pair of cowhide shoes which fitted all the more clumsily from the fact that in his haste to join the American troops he had forgot to put on any socks. Descending the hill at such a fearful gait as was thought compatible with safety, our hero slipped upon the dry grass, measuring at least seven feet of his entire length before the astonished gaze of the whole British army, who, supposing him mortally wounded, took no further notice of the matter except to avoid falling over his still prostrate form. As soon as the last "red-coat" was well out of sight, our distant and honored relative lost no time in consigning the object of his mishap to the tender mercies of future generations and speedily took a circuitous route, in bare feet, rejoining his comrades in safety.

A Wounded Eagle.—The tenacity of life which marks the eagle, and its powers of indurance, are illustrated by the following:

A dead African eagle was lately found at Maina, on the southern Greek coast. On examing the eagle, an iron-headed arrow, over a foot long, was found transfixed under one of the wings. Evidently, the eagle had been fired at and struck in Africa by some native, and had bourne the arrow in its body in its long flight over the Mediterranean until it fell dead from exhaustion on touching land at Maina.

An incident of daily occurrence at Passaic Bridge, N. J., is the appearance of a little girl at the depot, who awaits the arrival of the train with a bouquet of choice flowers, which she sends by a conductor to be placed on the grave of a playmate of hers who lately died.

Egyptian is the style now.

Austria's Great Problem.

The problem of government in Austro-Hungary seems every day to be growing more complicated. The crushing defeat of Sadowa disclosed the weakness of the Austrian Empire, and made a reorganization imperative. The historic rights of Hungary were first recognized, and she was given a separate Constitution, which vested the government in a Diet, and a King with a responsible Ministry. The King of Hungary is the Emperor of Austria; and the two countries have one Ministry so far as their common interests are concerned. But both Austria and Hungary have their legislatures and executives, each independent, in theory at least, of the other.

This readjustment of the Constitution was believed to be the salvation of Austria. But it has not proved to be all that was expected of it. Hungary is a nation. It has an admirable geographical position, with what Lord Beaconsfield would call "scientific frontiers," and a dominant race, the Magyars. Austria is a conglomeration of Poles, Czechs, Slavs and a half-dozen other nations—each speaking a different language and having different national costumes and aims—and has neither natural boundaries nor coherent force. Hungary is a unit in politics; Austria tends constantly to disintegration and is always divided in sentiment. No great national movement is possible with such a state of things. The German Empire is composed of as many States as Austria. But they are of a common blood, speak a common language, and share a common national sentiment. And even with this in his favor it taxes all of Bismarck's statesmanship to hold the Empire together, and harmonize the conflicting interests and passions. The greatest statesman that ever lived might well despair of making one homogeneous nation out of a dozen distinct and discordant peoples. But that is the problem which is before Austria.

At the same time it is well to recognize the fact that there is a limit to this tendency towards disintegration, which is well stated in a recent number of *The Nation*:

Centrifugal forces have done their natural work in Cisleithania [Austria]. But this natural work has its narrow limits. Cisleithania is bound to remain united and connected with Hungary. The reason is not of a positive, but of a negative nature. The principal parts tending toward separation are unable to detach themselves. Separate the seats of Liberal Germanism from its associations, and Vienna becomes a provincial frontier town, which a Hungarian protective tariff will reduce to beggary. Give the Czechs their dreamed-of independence of the crown of Saint Venceslas, and in a few years they will be engulfed in Germany, to lose their nationality forever. Release Galicia from the hated bond of union with the destroyer of Poland, and in a month she will be swallowed by Russia. Destroy the union between Cisleithania and Hungary, and the monarchy which shields so many feeble nationalities, unable to stand alone, will break down. All this is felt, though not acknowledged, everywhere. The loud talk is all against the monarchy; the logic of history, the fatality of position, is in favor of its continuance.

This problem, moreover, is complicated by the fact that Austria and Hungary do not go well in harness together. Austrian politicians favor acquisition of Slav territory. Hungary opposes this, knowing herself to be the dominant force in the Empire, and fearing a Slav supremacy. Count Andrassy's fall was due to the fact that he disregarded this feeling, and consented to the occupation of Bosnia by Austria. The Magyars denounced this movement as a betrayal of his nation, and the Germans and Poles of Austria liked the policy of Andrassy as little. The Constitutional Party of Austria, which had supported Andrassy in the main, split on this question, and a new election followed, resulting in the entire defeat of the party. The new Austrian Ministry of Count Taafe followed the election. The policy of the Court does not seem to be changed. Andrassy still has the confidence of the Emperor-King, and the new Austrian Ministry seems to be continuing the policy of annexation. The cable announces at the present writing that Austria has concluded a treaty with Turkey, guaranteeing the latter her European possessions on condition of being permitted to occupy Novi Bazar, a city of Bosnia on the Turkish frontier and an important strategic point. The probabilities are that Andrassy will sooner or later be recalled to the head of the government, and that Hungary will acquiesce in what has already been done, on condition that no more Slav territory shall be acquired by Austria under any circumstances.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

Card-Table Signal.—Theodore Hook's Code of Card-Table Signals, in his clever novel of "Gilbert Gurney," might be very effectually reduced to practice. "Never," says he, "let man and wife play together at whist. There are always family telegraphs; and, if they fancy their looks are watched, they can always communicate by words. I found out that I could never win of Smigsmag and his wife. I mentioned this one day, and was answered:

"'No, you never can win of them.'

"'Why?' said I.

"'Because,' said my friend, 'they have established a code.'

"'Dear me!' said I; 'signals by looks?'

"'No,' said he; 'by words. If Mrs. Smigsmag is to lead, Smigsmag says, "Dear, begin." Dear begins with D—so does diamond; and out comes one from the lady. If he has to lead, and she says, "S, my love!" she wants a spade. Smigsmag and spade begin with the same letter, and sure enough down comes a spade. "Harriet, my dear, how long you are sorting your cards!" Mrs. Smigsmag stumps down a heart; and a "Come, my love!" on either side, produces a club."

Some men are with their character much as they are with their money; the less they have the more careful they have to be.

The Railroad in the Air.

The city of New York is long and narrow. There is a deep river on either side, where ships come in from all parts of the world close up to the edge of the town. Now, where the ships are the merchants want to be, and where the merchants are a great many other people of business want to be; and so it happens that a very great number of people want to do business in a very small space. The land is thickly covered with stores and offices and manufactories. When the city was small this was all right, and folks lived near their stores and counting-rooms quite comfortably. But more and more people came to live in New York and the place became very crowded. The rivers kept them in on each side, and to get room they made new streets further and further to the north, up the island. Then people said they must have cars to take them up and down town from their homes to the stores. They laid tracks on the streets and used horses to move the cars. This was all very good for a few years; but, more and more people came to live there. They found the horse-cars too slow, and they began to build tall tenement houses and put dozens of poor families under one roof. Then the people said: "This will not do; we must have railroads with good engines to take us far up town toward the country."

Of course these railroads could not be laid in the streets, for locomotives cannot run fast through crowds of wagons and people. And so they at first thought they might make underground railroads like those in London, or they might tear down a long row of houses and make a lane through the town where the track could be laid. Either plan would cost a great deal of money; so, after many trials and a great deal of talking, they decided to build high iron platforms through the broad streets and on top to place the tracks for a railroad.

A locomotive is a curious animal. He likes a good level road with no bad hills to climb. If you try to make him climb a steep hill he may stop short and refuse to stir a wheel. The land to the west of Central Park is exceedingly hilly, and the railroad must be made to please these iron horses. So it happens that where the ground is low the iron supports of the railroad are very high. Some of the posts that support the railroads are fifty-seven feet high, and as they are all hollow until filled with cement, some curious work could be seen here while the building was going on—men on high platforms pouring the stuff into the hollow posts.

This matter of running a steam railroad through a city, in such a way as not to interfere with the traffic, was a difficult and puzzling business. In London, as I have said, the city railroads are placed in tunnels under the streets and houses. In Paris there is a railroad in an open "cutting" or deep ravine, with bridges over it at all the streets that cross it. In many English cities the railroads run over brick arches at the level of the house-tops. All of these methods answer a good purpose, but they are very costly. In New York an entirely different plan has been tried by these elevated railroads laid on iron bridges through the streets.

These roads work admirably. There is a great traffic in the streets where they are built. There are horse-cars and crowds of trucks and wagons going up and down all the time. The horse railroads are decidedly in the way of all other vehicles, and the cars often cause blockades that delay the business people very much. Before the elevated railroad was built, the horse-railroad was a serious cause of trouble in streets already crowded with carts and wagons. But now if we stand on the sidewalk, and can look in both directions under the iron bridges, we see that the various vehicles and horse-cars pass along precisely as if there were no railroad there. While we are examining these things, two trains pass, one on each side of the street—in fact, one of them runs directly over our heads. We might tell our friends when we reach home that we were run over by a railroad train and that it didn't hurt a bit.

We walk on down town and come to a narrower street, and here the railroad tracks come close together, and though the street is shaded by the iron bridge overhead, it is clear and unobstructed. Here is a station with steps going up to the house overhead, and we hear a train stop overhead, and hear the conductor call out the name of the street and open and close the gates for the passengers. There is no loud ringing of bells or blowing of whistles, not even a puff from the smoke-stack, or a rush of steam from the vacuum-brake. The bridge resounds somewhat, as you can easily imagine, when such a great mass of iron is shaken by the rapid motion of the heavy locomotives and trains; but the noise is not of much consequence. It is far less than the roar and rattle of the teams in the street below. Certainly the horses do not seem to mind it. There is one, gravely eating his oats with evident satisfaction and peace of mind, though a rail-train rushes over his head every two minutes.
—Charles Barnard, in *St. Nicholas.*

Shyness.—Those young persons whose shyness proceeds from an undue self-consciousness may be benefited by the following remark of Sydney Smith:

I was once very shy, but it was not long before I made two very useful discoveries; first, that all mankind were not solely employed in observing me (a belief that all young people have); and next, that shamming was of no use; that the world was very clear-sighted, and soon estimated a man at his just value. This cured me, and I determined to be natural and let the world find me out.

The Sale of Horse Hair.—In the item of horse hair a business has been developed in Corpus Christi, Texas, within the last few years, amounting to 175,000 to 200,000 pounds annually. It is one of the good results of close times teaching economy. The exports are gradually increasing, and greater attention is being paid by the rancheros in the preservation of this product.

Intelligence Items.

The old outstanding debt of North Carolina is $8,000,000.

Even the bootblack says his business is brightening up.

Nilsson, rumor says, is to receive $10,000 for singing eight nights in Madrid.

The English penny postage stamp is to be changed. It has been used forty years.

The people of Missouri have determined to build a monument to General Frank Blair.

A Massachusetts Supreme Court decision awards $15,833 to the victim of a railroad accident for the loss of his leg.

The harbor of Melbourne is to be improved at a cost of $6,000,000, so as to admit of ships of any burden coming right up to the city.

A church bell has just left a Troy (N. Y.) foundry for Persia, the funds for purchasing which were given by Presbyterian Sunday-schools in California.

The Ute Indians, who are inclined to make a serious disturbance in Colorado, number less than 4,000, and yet have a reservation of 12,000,000 acres of the best mining, farming, grazing and timbered land in that State, to say nothing of regular Government rations.

The arrival of gold from Europe in New York continues unabated. This shows conclusively that the accumulations of wealth in the United Stetes are marvelous. Our wheat, cotton, petroleum, and a hundred other commodities are required in large quantities in Europe, and we receive in return vast wealth.

At a large hotel in London, frequented by English and Americans, a calculation was recently made to discover which nationality spent on an average the most. It was found that the Americans are more economical than we are, because as a rule they drink no wine at dinner. We English are in the habit of ordering wine at a restaurant or a hotel "for the good of the house." Nothing can be more absurd, and the sooner that we give up this practice the sooner shall we cease to be fools.—[London Truth.

The Orange (Fla.) *Reporter* says that over 5,000 acres in that county have been planted in sweet potatoes. At a yield of 100 bushels per acre, 500,000 bushels will be produced. This potato has been utilized successfully in so many important interests of late, that it is becoming a much more valuable crop than has ever before been contemplated. First, they, when boiled, make the best food for fattening hogs or cattle; second, no better food for fattening chickens and turkeys; third, no better food for horses, cows, etc.

The National Commissioners of Education have issued their report for the year 1877. The school returns from the thirty-eight States and nine Territories are included, with the single exception of the revenues of Wyoming. The entire school population is fixed at 14,227,748. The revenues, not including Wyoming Territory, are $86,866,166; expenditures, $80,233,458. The lowest annual expense per capita is in North Carolina; the highest in the Cherokee tribe, Indian Territory, the limit being $1 39 in the former, and $35 76 in the latter. The highest average of salaries for male or female teachers is in Nevada. California follows close to Nevada, and is in advance of any thickly populated State. There are 152 Normal Schools, having 1,189 instructors and 37,072 pupils. Of 2,763 graduates for the year, 1,874 are engaged in teaching.

An Emperor Hard Up.

When he was in Paris, Napoleon I., accompanied by Duroc, was often in the habit of rambling about the city in the evening, dressed, like his attendant, in a blue overcoat, without any decoration or ornament. Like the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, he often met with curious adventures. Sometimes the emperor hurried Duroc off, scarcely giving him time to dress, and often causing him to forget to take any money with him. As for Napoleon he never had any about him. One day Napoleon and Duroc took a long tramp, and the emperor, being very hungry, went into the cafe at the corner of the boulevard, and ordered a chop and an omlet, his favorite dishes. When they had breakfasted, the bill was presented. The grand marshal rummaged his pockets and found that he had left his purse at home, and that they were left in a sad "fix." The waiter, who saw their annoyance, politely told them that if they had no money, they might pay the next time they came that way. The woman who kept the shop scolded the waiter for his verdancy and said, "there's eight francs dead loss."

"No, ma'am," said the waiter, "I'll pay you myself. I'm sure these men are honest, and won't let me suffer." The woman took the money, all the time scolding her guests for ordering a breakfast before they found out that they could pay for it. The marshal then took out his watch and offered the waiter to leave it in pawn, but the honest fellow refused to receive it, and the guests took their departure, after thanking him warmly. But both of them forgot all about the breakfast and the debt, and for some days the coffee-house woman's tongue rang like the clapper of a bell at the expense of the poor waiter's gulliibility, as she called it. At last, on the fifth day, the emperor happened to think of the breakfast, and the confidence of the waiter. He immediately despatched one of his footmen, who, on reaching the cafe, asked if two gentlemen had not breakfasted there and run up a bill of eight francs which the waiter had paid, and added that he was sent to return the money.

The young man was called, and after the servant had ascertained that he was really the person in question, he said: "Here are twenty-five napoleons which the emperor sends you, with his thanks for your paying his bill and becoming answerable for him." The waiter was overwhelmed with this honor, and as long as he wore the apron and carried the napkin, was a lion among his fellows.

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DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL,.....OCT. 18, 1879

Alfonso's Summer Place.

La Granja is a royal Summer residence of the Spanish family up in the Guadarrama Mountains, 3,300 feet above the level of the sea, 1,570 feet above the altitude of Madrid, and higher by 30 feet than the top of Vesuvius. It was bought from the monks of El Parral of Segovia, who owned the land for scores of miles around and had here their Grange, by Philip V., the Bourbon Prince, who undertook to perpetuate the Hapsburg dynasty in Spain as heir of his grandmother, Maria Theresa, wife of the "Grand Monarque," and by the will and testament of Charles II., the last male of the Austrian line. Philip V. built here a palace and laid out gardens in imitation of Versailles, employing his time from 1719 to 1746 with such disregard of the cost that the gardens alone caused an outlay of forty-five million-piasters ($45,000,000). In return for this enormous expense the King had, as he was heard to say, "his quarter of an hour's amusement," and the satisfaction of boasting a royal habitation higher up in the air and nearer heaven than any other sovereign in Europe. The attraction for those who are not of royal blood and who own neither house nor land in this place lies in the fact that while in Madrid the heat is at 83 degrees in the shade, it only attains 68 degrees at La Granja. —[Boston Journal.

The importance of recreation increases as the struggle for existence sharpens and intensifies. The old notion that people should work and pray continually, with no divertisement but eating and drinking and no cessation but sleep is one of the most pestilent which ever found lodgment in the human brain. Yet the influence of that pernicious idea still lingers in Europe and America, and crops out continually in overwork which shortens and saddens life and not unfrequently send men to the mad-house. The necessity for recreation is constitutional. The forces which are spent in any way must somehow be gathered up. The waste of tissue must be repaired. The lubricating oil consumed by the friction of life must be restored. The elasticity and resiliency of the faculties lost by steady tension of the strain of severe intermittent effort must be given back. In short the re-action must equal the action, or a fatal loss of power is inevitable. Reaction is a great word, covering the most important processes of body and mind. Without perpetual and incessant renewal of physical and intellectual elements of vitality and power, premature weakening and decay cannot be avoided.

Recreation must balance the expend itures or the system will run down and the mind lose its grip and sparkle, Recreation is thus one of the most important interests, and should be provided for in every scheme of life. The time devoted to physical exercise and mental relexation is not wasted, but so much added to the length of life, and enhances the worth and endowment of all the rest.—[Ex.

The Smallest of Babes.

Mrs. George Fromm, of 438 West Fifty-fourth street, is the happy mother of a fully developed boy baby born on Sunday, and weighing eleven ounces and three-quarters. The head of the child, although smaller than a small apple, is covered with an extraordinary growth of light brown hair. The features are regular, the eyes bright and clear and the skin is fine and delicate. The arms are the thickness of an ordinary little finger, and the fingers are the size of extra large pencil leads. The nails, although not much bigger than a good-sized pinhead, are perfectly formed. An ordinary luncheon basket is an ample cradle for the babe. Height at birth was five inches, and breadth across the shoulders 2½.

Mrs. Fromm is a pleasant-featured German woman, five feet seven inches in height, weighing 135 pounds. Geo. Fromm, the father, weighs 175 pounds. He is an ex-car driver on the Third avenue road, and out of work. They have been married eleven years and have had five other children, all of the ordinary height and weight. Physicians and others who have examined the tiny babe, already named Georgie, say that he is smaller than either of the midgets at the time of birth, and that if he lives he will take the palm as the smallest man in the world.

The child is to be baptised two weeks next Sunday in the German Protestant Episcopal Church, at Forty-third street and Ninth avenue, of which Mrs. Fromm is a member. The father said: "I hope the minister won't let him fall in the font. He'd drown in a beer mug, you know.—[New York Sun.

At Leasburg Florida, when a man is fined by the Mayor and cannot pay he is hired out to a farmer, who pays the fine and takes the offender to work out the amount on the farm

"Ole Bull is going to give another series of farewells," is the statement in one of the musical publications. Isn't this the play of "Much Adieu about nothing" set to music?

The largest sum ever paid for a horse in England was $72,000, given for Doncaster by the Duke of Westminster. But, the Duke is considered the richest man in England.

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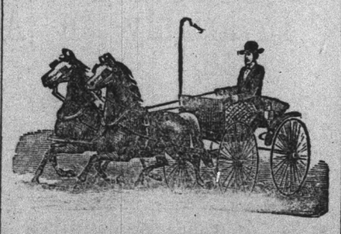

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